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★

FEBRUARY 13, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE



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VOL. LXVII NO. 7

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one in need. The courtesy, loyalty and teamwork that telephone people put into their daily jobs are a part of it.

Out of it have come the courage and inspiration that have surmounted fire and flood and storm.

We, the telephone people of today, are vested with the responsibility of carrying on this trust. It is human to make mistakes and so at times

the job we do for you may not be all that we want it to be. But in the long run, we know that how we do our individual job and how we bear our individual responsibility will determine how we fulfill our trust.

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LETTERS

The Dulles Assessment

Sir:
I wish to express my appreciation of your Jan. 23 article on John Foster Dulles' admirable action in not giving everything to the Communists. He is one of the very few people, in our time, who is not lost in the Red haze.

JAMES RIFE

Sterling, Ill.

Sir:

It would seem that world foreign policies can be divided into two types: peace-at-any-price and brink-of-war. Thank goodness our Secretary of State has the courage to place justice and morality in international affairs above peace. I'm not surprised that the British object to this type of foreign policy. After all, one of their leaders carried his umbrella to Munich. But it is a source of disappointment that some Democrats are so hard pressed for an election-year issue.

JOHN E. BAIRD

Modesto, Calif.

Sir:

Waltzing to the brink of destruction with an H-bomb tucked snugly under his arm may be Mr. Dulles' foolhardy idea of a sort of can-can diplomacy. But the true art of diplomacy remains neither to taunt nor to boast nor berate but to persuade. This is the art Mr. Dulles completely lacks. Wherever he has traveled, he has made us no friends. He has proved more an irritant internationally than a savior.

HUGH SHELDON

Piedmont, Calif.

Sir:

If the Democrats are so horrified at the thought of Dulles bringing us face to face with the "brink of war," then it seems fair that the Republicans can publicly be even more upset about the way the Truman Administration let us fall over backward into war.

JOHN LEICESTER

Downey, Calif.

Resignation

Sir:

The same week your Jan. 23 article on Budget Director Hughes appeared with his picture on the cover, he resigned. Would you please run a similar article on Mr. Dulles?

WALTER GERSTEL

Berkeley, Calif.

For God, the Pope and Joe

Sir:

If Lausche runs for President, a vote for Lausche will be a vote for the Pope, and a vote for the Pope will be a vote for God, and a vote for God will be a vote for Joe McCarthy, and who wants to vote for him?

EDWARD E. MIKENAS

Galway, N.Y.

Sir:

If all Democrats believed as Ohio's Governor Lausche does, there would be twice as many good Republicans.

LEE STRYKER

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir:

At present I am an Eisenhower Republican. However, I think it would be easy to persuade me to become a Frank Lausche Democrat.

GERALD J. WEIPERT

Detroit

Gas-Bill Backers

SIR:

AS FORMER MAYOR OF THE CITY OF INDIANAPOLIS AND THE PRESENT CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE OF CONSUMERS AND SMALL PRODUCERS OF NATURAL GAS, I WAS QUITE SURPRISED TO SEE MYSELF AND MY COMMITTEE ALIGNED WITH SENATOR CHARLES POTTER IN OPPOSING PASSAGE OF THE NATURAL GAS BILL IN YOUR JAN. 30 ARTICLE "THE LOBBYIST." MY COMMITTEE, BACKED BY MORE THAN 350 MAYORS AND 400 SMALL PRODUCERS OF NATURAL GAS, TO SAY NOTHING OF THOUSANDS OF CONSUMERS, IS BUSILY ENGAGED IN DOING ALL IN ITS POWER TO PRESENT THE FACTS IN THE INTERESTS OF THE SUCCESSFUL PASSAGE OF THE BILL.

ALEX M. CLARK

WASHINGTON, D.C.

SIR:

... TIME GOOFED ON GAS. ALEX M. CLARK DOES NOT SUPPORT MY POSITION IN OPPOSITION TO THE FULBRIGHT NATURAL-GAS BILL. ... MR. CLARK IS EMPLOYED AS CHAIRMAN OF THE "JOINT COMMITTEE OF CONSUMERS AND SMALL PRODUCERS OF NATURAL GAS" AND IS DIRECTING ITS LOBBYING EFFORTS TO PROMOTE THE INTEREST OF THE LARGE GAS PRODUCERS. NOTE THAT ONLY 29 PRODUCERS PROVIDED 63% OF ALL NATURAL GAS FOR INTERSTATE USE IN 1953. JUST TWO COMPANIES CONTROL APPROXIMATELY ONE-SEVENTH OF ALL U.S. NATURAL-GAS RESERVES. MY STAND IS TAKEN TO PROTECT FREE

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TIME
February 13, 1956

Volume LXVII
Number 7

TIME, FEBRUARY 13, 1956



"Our home on fire—and me 2000 miles away..."

"They paged me on arrival—it was a wire from my wife. 'Fire badly damaged house. Everyone safe. We are at mother's.' And here I was—2000 miles away, trying to close a business deal.

"I phoned right away and told her I'd take the next plane home. 'Stay where you are and finish your job, she said, 'we're all right. Our insurance took care of everything.' I found that Chet Williams, our agent, had located my wife, gone out to our house, inspected the damage and reported it to the insurance company. He even arranged for temporary repairs and for an adjuster to see me

when I got back. I'll never forget what Chet did—it's a relief to know my insurance is in such good hands."

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CHARLES E. POTTER
U. S. SENATOR

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Promoting Christianity

Sir:

We have been reading about the five missionaries killed by the Auca Indians in Ecuador (Jan. 23). These young men were very fine people. However, let's look at the Indians' side of the story. The Auca are well known to be Stone Age people, they hate all strangers, and don't want anyone coming into their territory. Why go in? These people have lived this way for hundreds of years, and I am sure the Lord must be interested in them just as they are.

Let's use all our efforts to improve our own country and stay out of the jungles of Ecuador—I am sure it will cause the Auca Indians to give thanks to whatever God they believe in.

DAVID P. LEAS

Villa Nova, Pa.

Sir:

I had met Jim Elliot and Peter Fleming—two of the dead missionaries—few years ago, and was anxious to learn the complete story of this untimely tragedy. I cannot help agreeing with the statement you printed from Ed McCully's father: "God makes no mistakes." History shows that the death of martyrs does not stifle Christianity but promotes its advancement.

INEZ WARE

Nyack, N.Y.

The Grapes of Roth

Sir:

Your Cinema reviewer obviously thinks that *I'll Cry Tomorrow* (Jan. 23) is about some drunk who sobered up and got a second chance, or as he put it "a second career as a nightclub singer." He profoundly states: "A drunk, however, is a drunk," and "if there is anything more tedious than a lush, it is apt to be a reformed lush." Millions of people felt a choking feeling in their throats when they read Lillian Roth's life story; countless alcoholics, fighting their hard struggle to return to the world of reality, have been inspired and lifted up by her struggle. And then this pseudo-intellectual slob of a reviewer comes up with his crummy appraisal and simple remarks.

DONALD JOHN GIESE

St. Paul

Sir:

Your critic's verbal sideswipe was obviously an attempt at tin-pot philosophy, concocted from a vacant mind and a typewriter with keys. Has he ever been drunk for 16 years? Has he ever had to fight with anything outside of an empty tube of toothpaste?

RICHARD KILBURN

Ottawa

(1) No. 2) Yes.—Ed.

The State of France

Sir:

Your Jan. 16 report on the French elections is a gem. It should be read with great care by all our political leaders, especially by our presidential candidates. France has sunk so low that it no longer has men in public life with enough patriotism to put national interests ahead of their selfish private animosities. France is now in an advanced state of economic and political decadence. And the rise of a new dictatorship is not far in the future. With its antiquated economic system, its chaotic politics and its

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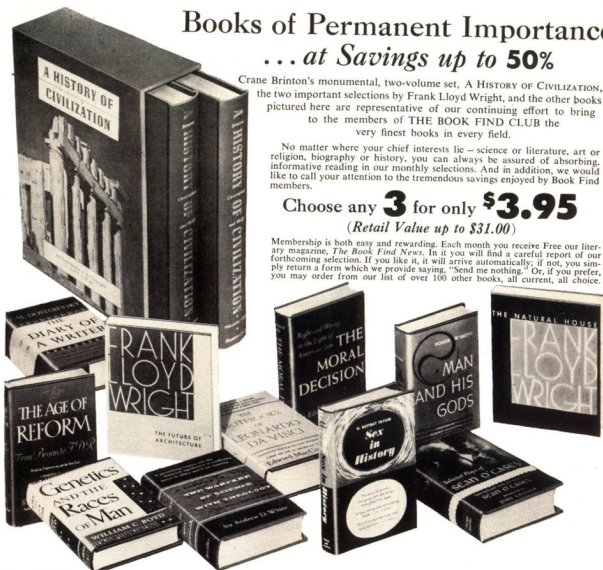
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weak armed forces, France as an ally is worse than nothing. It is time we cut off our economic and military aid, which is the only thing that props France up.

GEORGE TAYS
Historian, U.S. Army

c/o Postmaster
New York City

Sir:

I would like to know why so many Americans got so mad about the results of the French elections, especially the rise of Poujade and his party. France is a free country; they had free elections, so what is all the yelling about? Because we give them money, are they supposed to vote the way we think they should?

FRANK MANGO

East Boston, Mass.

From the Lighthouse

Sir:

Not that I have anything against Mr. Randolph Churchill, with whom I happen to be acquainted, but I just do not like to be confused with him—nor he with me. You referred in TIME [Dec. 26] to Mr. Randolph Churchill's "frequent pen name of Pharos." This is untrue. Whoever I may be, I am certainly not Mr. Randolph Churchill.

PHAROS

The Spectator
London

Pharos may not be Randolph Churchill, but Journalist Churchill frequently contributes to the column so signed.—Ed.

The Place of the Prophet (Contd.)

Sir:

Even those who do not agree with TIME's views will agree that its Jan. 16 cover story on David Ben-Gurion is a remarkable journalistic performance. Your artist, Boris Chalapin, deserves a bouquet for his inspiring cover portrait.

B. TOREN, EDITOR

R. LIPKIN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

Israel and Middle East
Tel Aviv, Israel

Sir:

... TIME slides over the ingathering of the 770,000 emigrants as a kind of crazy idea that somehow succeeded, but weeps again over the 900,000 Arab refugees who left Palestine of their own accord... Does not the plight of these poor political pawns clearly reveal the nature of their own government, which is so clearly utterly irresponsible to the human needs and suffering of its own people? ...

PETER T. RICE

Los Angeles

Sir:

Your description of the attitudes of Israel, Ben-Gurion and the Arab states to one another is the clearest and most objective I have read. Am I correct in assuming that the placing of the flags in the map implies that Tel Aviv is Israel's capital city? Does the U.N. have a right to say that Washington, D.C. should not be the capital of the U.S.?

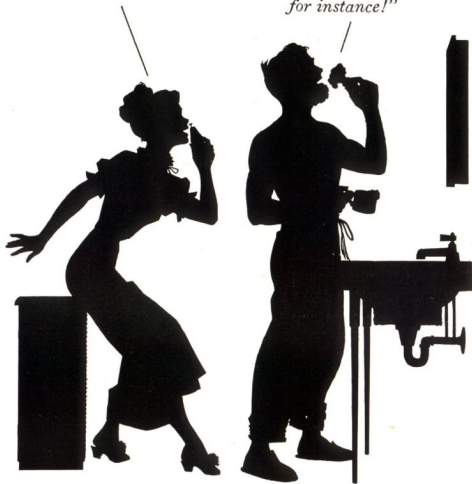
M. I. BERKMAN

Johannesburg, South Africa

The government of Israel considers Jerusalem to be its capital, and in July 1953 moved its foreign ministry there. But the U.S., Britain and France consider this a violation of the U.N. resolution internationalizing Jerusalem and keep their embassies in Tel Aviv, 33 miles away.—Ed.

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PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

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TIME, FEBRUARY 13, 1956

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

SINCE TIME's Feb. 6 cover story on NATO's General Alfred M. Gruenther appeared, "Gruenthergram" has become for many TIME-readers a synonym for a crisply written note of command or commendation. Last week, flying from Paris to Washington, General Gruenther dashed off two unusually long Gruenthergrams for Senior Editor Thomas Griffith, who edited the cover story, and Associate Editor A. T. Baker, who wrote it:

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS
ALLIED POWERS EUROPE
OFFICE OF THE SUPREME COMMANDER

Dear Mr Baker - Feb 7
When one of the people in
my office in Paris he said children
that 13 TIME
writers would be working
on the current cover story.
For my dough the high
man in the town folk
is Dr Baker.

I am most appreciating
the generous treatment
you gave me in the
assembly job. My
sweet mother will have
everything that was said
about me, but she is
the only one. Nevertheless
I am that the one to
say more accurate.
Here is a small SHAF
I hope come and you will
see us soon
sincerely
Alfred M. Gruenther

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS
ALLIED POWERS EUROPE
OFFICE OF THE SUPREME COMMANDER

Dear Mr Griffith, Feb 7, 1956
In the master's task of
the children and
strong anti-Gruenther
my wife. She
on the other hand
after what she
it was a success
I arrive there
evening.
result of the great
even not by TIME
I believe, I can
months with
me. Many
I break sym-
with I have
ish.

Editors Griffith and Baker were delighted to receive these warm and human notes from a very busy soldier.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

INDEX

Cover Story.....28	People.....32
Letters.....2	Press.....68
Medicine.....45	Radio & TV.....77
Milestones.....88	Religion.....72
Miscellany.....100	Science.....34
Music.....39	Sport.....59
National Affairs.....13	Theater.....48
Art.....62	
Books.....94	
Business.....80	
Cinema.....90	
Education.....53	
Foreign News.....20	
Hemisphere.....28	

An egg built to hatch miracles

—and x-ray photography searched every seam in its shell

To test America's nuclear wonders, the Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory uses history's largest steel sphere —with each weld proved sound by x-rays and photography.

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As a safety measure, every seam was welded, making the sphere virtually one piece. And to

be positive every weld was sound, it was x-rayed —with proof of its internal bonds recorded on film.

Radiography like this is working today for welders large and small — and for foundries interested in providing flawless castings. And photography in other forms is working for all kinds of business and industry. It is helping solve design problems, increase production, train salespeople, speed up office routine.

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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

... and here are 16 basic places where Photography can work for you

—5 minutes with this check list can be the soundest business move you've made this year

- ☐ **Management**—Progress photos, Stockholder reports, Record preservation, Information distribution, Control and Organization charts
- ☐ **Administration**—File debulking, Purchase schedule, Office layout, Interior decoration, Form printing
- ☐ **Public Relations**—News release, Institutional, Community relations, Public service
- ☐ **Personnel**—Identification photos, Job description, Orientation, Payroll records, Employee personal records, House organs, Health records, Bulletins
- ☐ **Training and Safety**—Safety campaigns, Teaching, Reports, Fire prevention
- ☐ **Engineering**—Drawings, Specification sheets, Drawing protection, Pilot radiography
- ☐ **Research**—Reports, Flow studies, Process charts, Library, Photomicrography, electron-micrography, x-ray diffraction, high-speed motion pictures, etc.
- ☐ **Product Design & Development**—Stylizing, Consumer testing, Motion studies, Stress analysis, Performance studies
- ☐ **Advertising**—Advertisements, Booklets, Displays, Dealer promotion, Television
- ☐ **Plant Engineering & Maintenance**—Plant layout, Repair proposals, Piping & Wiring installations, Progressive maintenance, Record debulking
- ☐ **Production**—Time study, Work methods, Legible drawings, Schedules, Process records
- ☐ **Testing & Quality Control**—Test set-ups, Reports, Standards library, Radiography, Instrument recording
- ☐ **Warehousing & Distribution**—Inventory control, Damage records, Waybill duplicates, Flow layouts, Packing & loading records
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- ☐ **Service**—Manuals, Parts lists, Installation photos, Training helps, Records



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who is thinking of
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IN PACKARD for 1956, creative engineering brings you a *new measure of achievement* in luxury automobiles.

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and ice where other cars stay stuck.

This year, if you are thinking of a really fine car, your Packard Dealer invites you to look at Packard *in particular*. He knows that you will find it a *new measure of achievement* — both as a fine car and in your way of living.

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STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORPORATION
Where *Pride of Workmanship*
Still Comes First.



The new 1956 Packard
FOUR HUNDRED HARDTOP
Ask The Man Who Owns One

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Strength of Coalition

In the lexicon of political clichés none is more grimly thumbed than "the weakness of coalitions." And that is odd, considering how many of the great actions of history, from Themistocles to Marlborough to Eisenhower, were won by coalitions.

Perhaps coalitions have something beyond mere weight of numbers to balance their obvious disadvantages. A single nation can act and fight in the name of its immediate interest; with coalitions the common purpose tends to be more sublimated and often to partake of concern (real or assumed) for justice. An alliance is not as weak as its weakest link; sometimes the whole becomes much stronger than the sum of the parts because the members reach toward each other through their best aspects.

Britain of late has been playing the international game with a great show of practicality. The present national temper—or at least the mood of press and politicians—deplores the expression of principle in politics. When last week's conference between President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Eden produced the Washington Declaration (see text page), politically sophisticated Britons assumed that the text was the work of moralizing Americans. A British Foreign Office official read it, and explained that the declaration was addressed to Asians and Africans: "A simple reminder for simple-minded people." Journalist Randolph Churchill called it "pompous."

In actual fact, the idea of the Washington Declaration was Eden's. He brought the basic draft with him, and the final document must be credited much more to him than to any U.S. source. Although a man of principle, he cannot speak that language in the House of Commons. It is not done. But Britain is a nation of political principle as well as practicality.

The Washington Declaration gave Eden and Britain a chance to break through the inhibitions of the antimoralists and speak with their own voice. The U.S. is honored to be the signatory of a document, drafted by an ally, that expresses the U.S. attitude toward the moral issue raised by Communism perhaps more clearly and forcefully than any American ever expressed it.

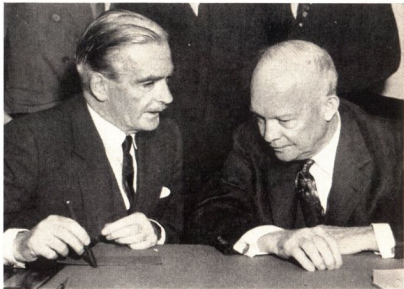
FOREIGN RELATIONS

Tour of the Horizon

The Prime Minister landed at Washington National Airport in a drizzling rain. Homburg in hand, he listened intently while Secretary of State John Foster Dulles spoke a welcome: "We meet here with a background—a tradition—of having worked together for freedom and

tent debate and deliberation around the octagonal table in the Cabinet room, beneath a Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington. Twice the President took Eden off alone into his office ("Anthony, could you come in for a moment?") for man-to-man talks.

The Landmarks. In addition to signing the notable Declaration of Washington, the President and Prime Minister



EDEN & EISENHOWER IN WASHINGTON
Political principle as well as practicality.

a just peace." Sir Anthony Eden smiled: "I am deeply grateful, Foster—if I may call you that, I am quite sure that we can make a serious and positive contribution to peace."

Beneath grey skies and scudding black clouds, the dignitaries sped off downtown for what diplomats call a *tour d'horizon*, an overall review of common concerns. The President welcomed Eden on the White House steps. When the visitor asked: "How are you?" Ike, aware of big-eared reporters, cupped his hand and jokingly whispered his reply. During lunch (steak and apple pie), Britain's Eden remarked that the U.S. handling of Marshal Bulganin's request for a non-aggression pact (TIME, Feb. 6) had struck him as "admirable."

Then ensued three days of intermittent

also produced a formal communiqué on the key landmarks of the international horizon, a generalized document that sometimes reflected more agreement, and sometimes less, than had actually been attained.

On the Far East, the communiqué warned Red China that the U.S. and Britain "were firmly united . . . to deter and prevent aggressive expansion by force or subversion." Actually, as the course of the talks again made clear, Eden does not support the U.S. view that a Communist attack on Quemoy and Matsu could constitute aggression. Then the communiqué noted that the allied embargo on strategic trade with Red China "should be reviewed now and periodically . . . in the light of changing conditions." During the talks Eden

pressed the U.S. to let into Red China the strategic goods that it now lets into Red Russia.

When Eden brought up the British desire to have Red China seated in the U.N. this year, the President told him forcefully that any British move in that direction would bring on agitation in the U.S. for a withdrawal from the U.N.

On the Middle East, the communiqué warned the Arab states and Israel not to use "force or the threat of force . . . to violate the frontier or armistice lines." The communiqué warned that the U.S. and Britain had "made arrangements for joint discussions as to the nature of the action we should take in such an event." Actually, the U.S. and Britain already have their own separate stand-by plans for stepping in and stopping any new Arab-Israel war—plans ranging from economic sanctions to the deployment of British troops and the U.S. Sixth Fleet, with or without U.N. approval. Last week the U.S. and Britain agreed to coordinate these separate plans in a common one.

Here and there along the horizon, the President and the Prime Minister reached total agreement, e.g., to continue to press for the reunification of Germany, to con-

tinue to regard an attack on Berlin as an attack upon the U.S. and Britain. Here and there they reached total disagreement, e.g., the U.S. turned down Britain's request that it join the Baghdad Pact of anti-Communist countries in the Middle East; the U.S. declined to intervene in Britain's oil row with Saudi Arabia at the remote Buraimi Oasis (Time, Jan. 30).

"A Sort of Mixing Up," Eden next moved to achieve one of his big objectives: to establish himself in U.S. eyes as the leader of a new-style British Commonwealth. He took himself off to Capitol Hill where he addressed—separately—the Senate and the House of Representatives. Eden stressed effectively that Britain's share of defense costs almost matched that of the U.S. "in proportion to our size." He drew attention to the current British concept of imperialism: "In many territories of the Commonwealth constitutional progress has reached, or is approaching, the last stage before their peoples assume responsibility for their own affairs." As for the cold war, Eden's theory was that "it is not so much military containment as political enlightenment which is the need of the day. Let us there-

fore be quite clear about our own philosophy in the appeal we make to other lands."

On a nationwide TV hookup, Eden tried to allay U.S. misgivings about the coming visit of Khrushchev and Bulganin to London. He said: "If you have confidence in yourself, if you believe in your own convictions, if you trust your own faith, you shouldn't be afraid to meet, to argue with others."

Before heading northward to Canada on his way home, Eden summed up: "We covered, I think, pretty well every imaginable topic while we went through these three days of discussion. We found a wider measure of agreement on them than I had expected when we arrived here . . . I don't think we can have too much of this sort of mixing up, and I am sure it is an advantage . . ." He added a personal note: "These have been the most encouraging three days I have spent among you in Washington—and I have been on many journeys."

Eden's visit added to the considerable store of credit he has banked in the U.S.; he will need it next April when he plans to draw a large check by leading Khrushchev and Bulganin into the presence of his Queen.

THE ESSENCE OF THE STRUGGLE

In the Declaration of Washington the President and the Prime Minister ringingly defined the moral gulf between the free and Communist worlds:

WE are conscious that in this year 1956 there still rages the age-old struggle between those who believe that man has his origin and his destiny in God and those who treat man as if he were designed merely to serve a state machine. Hence we deem it useful to declare again certain truths and aims upon which we are united and which, we are persuaded, are supported by all free nations.

"Because of our belief that the state should exist for the benefit of the individual and not the individual for the benefit of the state, we uphold the basic right of peoples to governments of their own choice . . . During the past ten and more years 600 million men and women in nearly a score of lands have, with our support and assistance, attained nationhood. Many millions more are being helped surely and steadily towards self-government. Thus, the reality and effectiveness of what we have done is a proof of our sincerity. Further, we know that political independence cannot alone assure men and nations full opportunity to pursue happiness and to fulfill their highest destiny. There is likewise need for economic sustenance and growth. This, too, we have helped to provide . . .

"During this period of notable cooperative progress in the free world, those who assert the supremacy of the state, and deny the inherent rights of man, have also been active. Millions of people of different blood, religion and traditions have been forcibly incorporated within the Soviet Union . . . In Europe alone, some 100 million people, in what were once ten independent nations, are compelled, against their will, to work for the glorification and aggrandizement of the Soviet Communist state.

"The Communist rulers have expressed, in numerous documents and manifestos, their purpose to extend the practice of Communism by every possible means until it encompasses the world. To this end they have used military and political

force in the past. They continue to seek the same goals, and they have now added economic inducements to their other methods of penetration. It would be illusory to hope that in their foreign policies, political and economic, the Soviet rulers would reflect a concern for the rights of other peoples which they do not show toward the men and women they already rule. Any free nation that may be persuaded by whatever threat, promise or enticement to embrace Communism will lose its independence and its people will forfeit their rights and liberties. These contrasting records of recent years reflect the essence of the struggle between free countries and the Communist rulers . . .

"In the face of the Communist challenge almost fifty nations which cherish freedom have drawn together in voluntary associations . . . We reject any thought that the cleavage we have described should be resolved by force. We shall never initiate violence. Moreover, we shall use our full influence to assure that Soviet efforts to inflame old antagonisms will not succeed in breaking the peace . . . Meanwhile, the society of free nations must retain the power needed to deter aggression. We recognize that such power should never serve as a means of national aggrandizement but only as an essential shield . . . We shall help ourselves and others to peace, freedom and social progress, maintaining human rights where they are already secure, defending them when they are in peril, and peacefully restoring them where they have temporarily been lost.

"While resolutely pursuing these aims, which are the products of our faith in God and in the peoples of the earth, we shall eagerly grasp any opportunity to free mankind of the pall of fear and insecurity which now obscures what can and should be a glorious future."

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
ANTHONY EDEN

THE PRESIDENCY

The Search for Clues

Dwight Eisenhower's discussion of his thoughts on running for a second term has been so candid that the U.S. believes him when he says that he has not made up his mind. But, as the mid-February date approaches when the doctors are to make their report on the state of his health, an impromptu debate is raging through press, radio, the barbershops, banquet halls, and even the inner sanctums of Washington over what Ike's decision will be. Millions of self-appointed analysts are probing his character, his past, and oracular statements already on the record.

Most of the discussion revolves in four areas: the personal influences that are working on Ike to quit or run, the lifetime devotion of Old Soldier Eisenhower to a duty higher than personal influences, the correct direction of duty when a President knows his physical condition can be a hazard to the orderly processes of Government, the possibility that Ike might well be able to carry the load of the presidency if it were trimmed of non-essentials. In all of these areas the President himself has provided the hottest clues for both sides:

Personal Influences. Months before the heart attack columnists buzzed that Mamie Eisenhower adamantly opposed a second term; since the attack, the stories added that Major John Eisenhower was opposed as well. Asked a reporter at a recent presidential press conference: "Do any members of your family object to your running again?" Replied Ike: "No." But did that solve anything? One band of soothsayers was more certain than ever that Ike would run because he was unrestrained by family pressure. But another band believed the "No" was a gentlemanly way of shielding his family.

Then the columns whirled that Ike was so frustrated around the house at Gettysburg in November that he decided the presidency could not be half so taxing. Asked a reporter: "Did you miss the bustle of the presidency while you were there?" Said Ike: "Anybody who has been busy, when he doesn't have immediately something at hand, has a little bit of a strange feeling. Now, but to say I was bored to death at Gettysburg—there are so many things that I have to do—I have piled up stacks of books . . . I, as you know, daub with paints; I like the actual roaming around the farm. I love animals, and like to go out and see them . . ." Certainly this could be a restrained verification of Gettysburg frustration meaning "I'll run, all right." But the New York Times's James Reston began his report: "This was a bad day for the Republicans. President Eisenhower . . . sounded wistful about those Black Angus cattle in Gettysburg."

Devotion to Duty? Ike: "I certainly sincerely trust that all of my actions in respect to public duty over the past 40 years have been inspired and directed by my own sense of duty . . . But where

does this sense of duty point, and who determines what the duty is? That is a very tricky question when you go into the problem." It wasn't tricky at all to New York's Senator Irving Ives. "We all know," said he, "that the President doesn't want the job . . . But he is a man consecrated to duty and loyalty to his country." Ives's conclusion: the President will run again. Countered the *Wall Street Journal*: "All the signs say the President leans toward quitting. He differs with the view that his duty lies in running."

Hazard to the Nation? Ike: "It is a very critical thing to change governments in this country at a time that it is unexpected. We accustom ourselves, and so do



Walter Bennett

MAJOR GENERAL SNYDER
Boots and straddles.

foreign governments, to changing our government every four years, but always something happens that is untoward when a government is changed at other times—it is a rather startling thing. They tell me that [there was] even some disturbance in the stock market at the time I got sick." To the *Wall Street Journal* this was still another reason for an Ike "No," because he "regards as serious business any unexpected change of Administration." The *Times*'s Reston expertly weighed both sides: "The possibility of his death would make other countries hesitate to enter into long-term contracts which depended on his leadership. [On the other hand] he has won the confidence of the allied leaders. He has also won respect of the Russians to a greater degree than any other leader in the Western world. [And] to retire after his first term would mean the 'breakup of the team,' a time of division at home and uncertainty abroad, and probably the transfer of power to the Democrats."

Carrying the Load? Ike: "There have been times in war when I thought nothing could be quite as wearing and taxing as

that [duty] with lives directly involved. But I would say on the whole, this [the presidency] is the most wearing, although not necessarily the most tiring . . . it also has, as I have said before, its inspirations, which tend to counteract each other . . . The problem is what will be the effect on the presidency, not on me . . . The intensity with which you can attack your problems, the zip and zest that you take into conferences when you have to get something done for the good of the United States."

South Dakota's Senator Karl Mundt came away from the White House last week certain that Ike would run again, remarking pointedly: "I was tremendously impressed by his buoyancy and bounce." Countered Under Secretary of Commerce Walter Williams, 1952 chairman of the Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon: "I don't believe he will [run] . . . Anybody in the Washington setup knows only too well that pressure on the President is too great . . ."

Horse's Mouth. The most unlikely soothsayer of all, the President's personal physician, Major General Howard Snyder, 75, was caught in the biggest headlines of the week. He believed, he told Scripps-Howard's Andy Tully, that Ike would "prefer to die with his boots on." Pressed hard to explain this horse's-mouth clue, Dr. Snyder withdrew in confusion to straddle both sides of the argument. "If a man is discontented, he will never develop good health," said he. Then he disappointed both ways and nays by suggesting that maybe Ike should not decide yet. "No man who is just four and a half months past a heart attack is in a position yet to determine his own physical fitness. It takes longer. He should have more time—all the time he needs. He is not at a point yet to know whether to go ahead and hit the ball. All we can do [in the mid-February examination] is to give him a good exposition of his present condition. In the final analysis he must make his own decision."

Which was exactly right, except that the whole nation—including Dr. Snyder—could not resist trying to make it for him.

DEMOCRATS

Harry's Night Out

At the Sheraton Astor Hotel on Times Square more than 2,000 Democrats sat down to filet mignon at the New York State Committee's annual \$100-a-plate fund-raising dinner. As between party members, it was all quite impartial. The leading candidate for President, Adlai Stevenson, campaigning in California, could not attend, but he telegraphed "love and affection." Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver, the only other announced candidate, was there on the dais (ready to hop off for California), but his presence did not mean that this was his crowd. That peripatetic "inactive" candidate, New York's Governor Averell Harriman, was there leading the cheers, and match-

books labeled "Draft Harriman" were scattered on the tables. But that did not mean it was his night to catch fire.

Elder Politician. The occasion really belonged to the small man with the big grin who waved to a friend here and chuckled at another there. Harry Truman was enjoying the role of "Mr. Democrat," the party's elder politician. When the former President of the U.S. rose to speak, shouts of "Come on, Harry" popped out around the hall. He came on. "Whether our candidate is here tonight or not," he said, "I can tell you this: we are going to give the American people a chance to vote for a President—and not a regency or a part-time chairman of the board."

Truman said that what worries him most in the political scene of 1956 was "the shambles that is being made of our

East against Communist subversion.* I believe that the policies of this Administration are leading us into a situation of growing danger where the balance of strength may shift strongly against the free world. This would be a terrible disaster. I think it is our inescapable duty to point out this danger to the American people."

A Whistle Blows. Truman said that Republicans had gone "so far as to call General Marshall and myself traitors." The next day, on one of his famed morning walks, Truman added that it was Vice President Richard Nixon who called him a traitor. That was too much for Republican National Chairman Leonard Hall, who promptly blew a well-deserved whistle on Harry Truman. Said Hall: "A complete check of all newspaper accounts of

Duel in the Sunshine

As a chartered plane bearing Adlai Stevenson rolled up to the Sacramento airport administration building, a crowd of 250 supporters, carrying placards that read "Let's Have Another 20 Years of Treason" and "Stevenson Clicks in '56," was waiting to welcome him. Smiling and confident, Stevenson stepped off the plane, kissed a baby and was photographed while the crowd, prompted by a photographer, waved a welcome. Grinned Stevenson: "They're a well-trained bunch."

Four days later, after a commercial plane taxied to a stop at the Fresno airport, a tired, hungry Estes Kefauver trundled out after sleeping fitfully across the U.S. Only a few supporters were there to handshake. By sheer coincidence, Attorney General Edmund ("Pat") Brown, the most important elected Democratic official in California, had just flown in from San Diego and was waiting for his luggage. "Why hello, Pat," said the unshaven Kefauver. "You need a shave." Brown, who had been called a Stevenson "boss" by Kefauver's supporters, grinned and cracked: "When you're a boss spending a lot of time in a smoke-filled room, you always need a shave."

"Eggheads, Arise!" From those dissimilar starts, Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver last week began their duel in the sunshine—the preferential primary fight for California's 68 votes at the Democratic National Convention. At the beginning it did not seem much of a fight. Almost all of the party leaders and Democratic money in California are pledged for Stevenson. Kefauver's supporters could only resort to an appeal over the heads of the leaders; they had to cancel a scheduled television show at week's end because they did not have enough money to pay for it.

For Stevenson, the trip around California was the jog of a man running well ahead. He went to bean dinners, box suppers and strategy lunches. At Sacramento he was serenaded to the tune of *Love and Marriage* with:

*You and Adlai
You and Adlai
When your vote is counted won't do
badly
If you'll back him, brother,
Democracy won't have to smother.*

Later, at a meeting in the Oakland municipal auditorium, Stevenson found it necessary to calm the frenzied crowd of 3,600 after it interrupted his talk repeatedly with applause, cheers and stomping. Raising a hand, he said: "You must not get so excited. This is just a primary. The main bout will be next November."

The Oakland meeting, heavily attended by students and faculty members from the University of California, was probably the most enthusiastic of all. In the invocation Dr. Fred Stripp, a speech teacher who is acting pastor of the South Berkeley Community Church, pronounced a prayer that indicated inside information: "We believe Adlai Stevenson to be Thy choice



DEMOCRATS TRUMAN & HARRIMAN†
"Love and affection" from an absent guest.

bipartisan foreign policy." His story: "I did everything I could to keep foreign policy out of partisan politics. But the Republican politicians attacked our foreign policy so violently in the 1952 campaign, they were stuck with their own propaganda. They had to pretend to change the foreign policy whether the change was good for the country or not. [They] cut down our armed forces—in the face of growing Communist strength—so they could claim to reduce Government spending. When they boast about the reduction, they don't tell you that every last nickel of the net reduction came out of our national defense. Well, it did."

"The situation in Europe is more precarious than it has been since 1947. We have lost heavily among the millions of uncommitted people in Asia. We seem to have no strategy for defending the Middle

speeches, press conferences and other public statements made by the Vice President in the campaigns of 1952 and 1954 fail to disclose any instance whatever in which the Vice President referred to the Democratic Party as the party of treason or in which he questioned the loyalty of Mr. Truman, Mr. Stevenson or other leaders of the Democratic Party."

* Confusion arose earlier in the week about Truman's own stand on arms for the Middle East. One day Eleanor Roosevelt announced that Truman had joined her in signing a declaration that the U.S. should send arms to Israel. When Truman arrived in New York, he told reporters that he did not think any arms should be shipped to any land in the Middle East—including Israel. Later, from his hotel suite, he issued a prepared statement that he "stood by" what Mrs. Roosevelt said he said.

† With Tammany's Sachem Carmine De Sapio, who spoke well of Averell Harriman.

for President of the United States."

The mood of the crowd communicated itself to Stevenson. "I am one of those who does not believe all students are dangerous or even that all professors are subversive," he said. "In this era marked and even scarred by a new form of anti-intellectualism, I say, eggheads of the world arise—you have nothing to lose but your yolks." As Stevenson left the hall one group of University of California instructors and staff members broke into another serenade, to the tune of *Clementine*:

*I'm an egghead, I'm an egghead,
I'm an egghead happily.
And I'd rather be an egghead
Than a bonehead G.O.P.*

An Underdog's Day. The main target of both Stevenson and Kefauver, however, was the annual convention of the California Democratic Council at Fresno at week's end. The council, made up of 450 Democratic clubs all over the state, is the most important Democratic organization in California. An overwhelming majority of the 3,000 delegates and alternates was believed to be for Stevenson. His strategists had even urged the powers in the council not to endorse Stevenson publicly, because they feared that would only add fuel to Kefauver's "boss" charge.

When Kefauver entered the council meeting shortly after noon, he got a polite, 45-second greeting. As he stepped to the rostrum, he sized up the situation, abandoned his prepared text, and took off in sweeping, ad-libbed generalizations. When Stevenson walked into the hall some three hours later, he got a noisy, 31-minute ovation, complete with banners, placards, pictures, campaign hats, bells and horns. He stayed close to his prepared text, which he read in his light, professorial style.

The two candidates took the same line of attack. They eliminated prepared, oblique cracks at each other, and spent their time charging that the Eisenhower Administration has failed the farmer, lost ground in the world struggle and turned the U.S. over to greedy special interests.

On farm policy:

ESTES: "They used to accuse us of plowing under the corn and little pigs. This crowd is plowing under the little farmer. [They have] liquidated one million small farmers, as a matter of policy."

ADLAI: "Which are we to take seriously? An election-year Republican promise or three years of Republican performance during which all of their 1952 campaign promises were broken and the farmer's share of the national income dropped by \$4 billion?"

On foreign policy:

ESTES: "We were promised a dynamic foreign policy, and I guess it has been dynamic. It has shot forward and then backward and up and down . . . The only trouble is that we don't seem to have gone forward. I wish Mr. Dulles would think more about bringing us to the brink of peace."

ADLAI: "I think almost the best exam-

ple of intemperance in public life that we have lately witnessed is the Secretary of State's recent magazine advertising of his peculiar talent for rattling the saber and brandishing the bomb . . . If the Eisenhower Administration has to brag some more about something, I wish it could boast instead about resolute marches to the brink of peace instead of to the brink of war . . . And another thing—the sudden Soviet pressure for a treaty of friendship implying that any agreement on Germany depends on the U.S. accepting this treaty calls for most careful consideration. We must not appear to the free peoples of the world either to reject offers of friendship or to submit to blackmail."

On domestic policy:

ESTES: "The big-money boys, the monopoly boys in Washington, are trying

courtship, another for his years of possession."

When the speeches were over, reporters totted up, and with some surprise found that Estes Kefauver's ad-libbing had been interrupted 43 times by applause, cheers and stomping, while Stevenson's speech had been interrupted only 23 times by applause and laughter. They concluded that the underdog from Tennessee had done better than anyone had expected him to do—and that Adlai, nonetheless, was still ahead.

Mutterings on the Left

"Emotional abhorrence of Nixon," wrote a columnist in the liberal *New Republic* last week, "seems to be about the strongest bond liberals have these days." Five pages later, the *New Republic* exposed



Associated Press

DEMOCRATS KEFAUVER & STEVENSON*

Inside information from an enthusiastic preacher.

might hard to keep the trough they've been eating off of for the last three years."

ADLAI: "President Eisenhower has blandly and proudly now presented a new legislative program, largely designed to reverse the policies he so proudly proclaimed three years ago when the Republicans came into power. It looks as though our Republican friends had not so much pursued Democratic policies as been pursued by them. And in these days the typical Republican document proclaims that America has no problems—and then goes on to propose Democratic solutions for them. Why is this? Well, 1956 is an election year, and from intimate personal experience and from my reading of Republican history I am reminded again of what Disraeli said of his opposition, Robert Peel: 'The right honorable gentleman uses two languages: one during his hour of

the impoverished truth of the statement by taking off on its fellow-liberal weeklies, the *Nation* and the *Reporter*. Reason: they are 'advising liberals to refrain from supporting Adlai Stevenson.'

The *Reporter's* crime, as the *New Republic* sees it, was a December "Dear Governor Stevenson" letter written by Editor Max Ascoli. "Quite a number of those who were earnestly, even enthusiastically, for you in '52 cannot easily make up their minds whether or not to join the newly launched pro-Stevenson movement," Ascoli wrote. He advised Stevenson not to try to campaign as a "self-made lowbrow," urged him to open up on Secretary of State Dulles, then warned—with evident admiration—that President

* With State Senator Richard Richards of Los Angeles, who is seeking the Democratic nomination to oppose Republican U.S. Senator Thomas Kuchel.

Eisenhower has learned a lot and has a great hold on the people.

For the *Nation*, the *New Republic* saved a scorn it has never before used on its venerable competitor in a political campaign. A *Nation* editorial entitled "Should Liberals Climb Aboard?", said the *New Republic*, "seems to say a Republican President, able to keep the more aggressive anti-Communists of his own party in line, can best move towards the peace abroad that is ours for the asking." Indeed the *Nation* said more: in an oblique flick at Stevenson, it warned that the problems of peace are now so touchy

Haruspicy in Albany

While Democrat Averell Harriman told the U.S. about the good government he has brought to New York, his Republican foes fumed in frustration. They insistently pointed out that Governor Harriman drastically underestimated state revenue for 1955, and loaded the taxpayers with an 11% increase in state income taxes to cover a budget based on his error. But there was remarkably little public reaction. One reason: a point about a state budget often gets lost in a maze of statistics, analyses and charts. Last week, how-

THE CONGRESS

Mirror, Mirror

For more than a year, North Dakota's nominally Republican Senator William Langer had been cranking up for a speech urging that German property seized by the U.S. during World War II be returned to its prewar owners. Last week Langer's moment arrived—just as the Senate, under the spur of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, was trying its hardest to get along with the debate on the natural-gas bill (TIME, Jan. 30). At mid-afternoon Langer arose, addressed the chair and mumbled: "I ask that my speech may be read by the clerk." Aware that Langer has eye trouble, Presiding Officer Strom Thurmond casually granted the unusual request, then did a shocked double take. Langer's speech, he was told, was 93 pages long.

As a clerk began to read, Johnson raced over to Langer's desk, pleading that the request be withdrawn. The two argued for five minutes. Langer pounding his fist on the desk, Langer waving his hands. To the galleries carried Langer's repeated phrase: "I don't give a damn." Finally Johnson gave up, stalked disgustedly from the chamber. The Senate emptied as though a smallpox sign had been posted, and Bill Langer sat back to listen—all alone. At one point Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey walked in, saw what was going on, fled.

For more than two hours clerks alternated at reading. Bill Langer enjoyed himself hugely: once he stood up to interrupt his speech and stress a point he had made; often he nodded his head in admiration of his own oratory. He was, by every standard, the most unanimously appreciated audience he has ever had.



Bettmann Archive

HARUSPEX AT WORK (ROME)
In the entrails, an error of \$127 million.

that the U.S. could not "tolerate much knight errantry." The *Nation's* concluding advice to liberals: don't get committed until Ike declares his intentions; then wait to see what Earl Warren decides, and then wait to see whether the Republicans "shelve Mr. Nixon." There was the unifying thread again.

POLITICAL NOTES

Reality in California

California's Republican Governor Goodwin J. Knight is friendly toward California's Republican Senator William Knowland, heartily dislikes Vice President Richard Nixon, also of California. But Goodie Knight is a political realist. Last week he said he believed Nixon would be a stronger candidate for President than Knowland.

"I think it is quite obvious," said Knight, "that Vice President Nixon has more friends in the Eisenhower Administration than does Knowland." Then, indicating that he would support Nixon if necessary, he added: "We have our intraparty rifts in California, but we cannot afford permanent differences."

ever, Oswald D. (for David) Heck, speaker of the New York state assembly, found a way to make the case in a word.

Reading Harriman's 1956 budget message, Republican Heck suddenly leaped to his feet and cried: "Haruspex!" Some of his associates thought of answering "*Gesundheit!*" but others quietly went to the dictionary. Heck soon had Albany reporters flipping through Webster's, after he and Senate Majority Leader Walter Mahoney issued a statement that said, in part: "If, as Governor Harriman seems to infer, Republican clairvoyance was required last year to determine that he did not need the \$127 million tax increase which he demanded, our forecast has proven far more accurate than the divinations of the Democrat haruspex, which also failed to foresee an admitted \$80 million surplus."

Haruspices, the reporters soon found out, were diviners, usually Etruscans, who deduced the will of the gods and foretold the future chiefly by examining the entrails of sacrificed animals, from birds to bulls. With a word, Speaker Heck had at last aroused public interest in the \$127 million error of Haruspex Harriman.

THE ADMINISTRATION

\$790 Conflict

A year ago (TIME, Jan. 3, 1955), Russian-born Wolf Ladejinsky was fired as a security risk by the U.S. Department of Agriculture from his job as an Asian land-reform planner. The charges were aired and proved ridiculous; Ladejinsky was rehired by Harold Stassen's Foreign Operations Administration to work on land reform in Viet Nam. Last week the International Cooperation Administration (successor to FOA) announced that it had demanded and received Ladejinsky's resignation. This time the charges were about 100% different: Ladejinsky appeared as a capitalist investor—and in the economy of Nationalist China, at that.

Specifically, Ladejinsky was kicked out for having broken ICA's conflict-of-interest regulations by investing in a Formosan glass-making company that had received some \$600,000 in U.S. Government financing. ICA explained that Ladejinsky, while

* The speeches of two blind Senators, Oklahoma's Thomas P. Gore (1907-21 and 1931-37) and Minnesota's Thomas D. Schell (1925-1935), were regularly delivered by reading clerks. A few other Senators, e.g., John C. Calhoun, have been granted the privilege when ill.

on an official mission to Formosa, gave a \$3,000 check to a Chinese friend, who cashed it on the black market and bought stock in the glass-making firm. Said ICA: "At the official rate of exchange, this check at that time would have purchased 60 shares of stock. As a result of the higher rate of exchange obtained by this illegal transaction, 90 shares of stock were obtained on behalf of Mr. Ladejinsky."

"When the agency became aware of these facts and discussed them with Mr. Ladejinsky, he freely admitted the above actions." He thus seemed in clear violation of an ICA regulation that says: "No employee may transact, have a monetary interest in, or engage in any business or profession, for profit, in the country or countries to which he is assigned, either in his own name or in the name, or through the agency, of another person."

In Saigon, Ladejinsky said he had not known that the glass company was receiving U.S. money and that, after being questioned about his stock, he had sold it for a \$790 profit.

AGRICULTURE

Apostles to the Farmers

Like all good Mormons, Ezra Taft Benson has served his young man's term (1921-23, in Great Britain) as a missionary for the church. So has his son Reed, 28, who spent 30 months abroad, and for two years more was an Air Force chaplain. Last week the Bensons, father and son, were at large in the U.S. doing another kind of missionary work: trying to propagate the faith in Benson's policy, which is under broadside attack from the farm belt.

A political science graduate of Brigham Young University, and now a field representative of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, Reed Benson was serving as the elder Benson's aide. His assignment covered a wide range of duties. Asked what he did when someone threw a hot political question at his father, Reed said: "I probably just say a good little prayer for him and know everything will come out all right."

A Hassle over Pork. As Ezra Benson moved across the U.S., such assistance was needed. In Chicago he spotted through the manure in the stockyards, trudged and sold (to a livestock commission buyer) a choice lot of hogs at \$15.25 a hundredweight, 25¢ above the day's previous high. Given a stockman's cane as a souvenir of his feat, Benson later referred to the cane as a reminder that hogs should never "go below that price again." But before the week was over, the top for hogs in Chicago had slipped to \$14.85.

Democratic Presidential Candidate Estes Kefauver, the greatest poser for trick plays since Laocöon, cried out in the U.S. Senate that Benson's appearance in the stockyards was "huckstering" and a "childish political episode."

Despite the political clamor for his resignation, Benson was still up to his old determination to tell people what he thought they should hear, whether they

wanted to hear it or not. At a meeting of the National Swine Industry Committee in Chicago, he read a lecture to the processors and distributors of meat products. Said he: "I have been extremely concerned in recent months that prices to farmers were going down while marketing margins were going up. In other words, low hog prices were not fully reflected in pork values to the consumer . . . I am fully aware that total costs of processing and merchandising pork have gone up, as they have in other farm commodities. I believe firmly you're entitled to a fair return. But when one segment of the meat

ernment almost \$1 billion a year . . . If we add 5¢ a pound to cattle, it would cost another \$1,250,000,000. Then I'm sure you can imagine the other delegations that would descend upon us."

Flying on to Portland, Ore., Secretary Benson stepped up before the National Association of Wheat Growers. He promised to consider the association's "two price" plan for wheat (high support for wheat produced for food in the U.S., lower support on excess wheat sold on the world market or for animal feed), but he held out no hope that he would recommend its adoption this year. He told the



United Press

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE AT WORK (CHICAGO)
In the wake of prayer and argument, the unconverted.

team is suffering, it cannot be too long before other segments also will suffer . . . I urge you in the industry to tighten up your costs. Keep your profits and margins in line . . . This is no time to take advantage of the American farmer."

A quick reply came from the American Meat Institute, which said that "packers' profits are notoriously low—too low, in fact, to provide adequate funds for plant improvement and modernization, research and promotion. In 1955 . . . meat packers' earnings averaged less than a cent per dollar of sales."

A Double Jolt for Corn. From Chicago, the Bensons flew on to Austin, Minn., for a meeting of the Minnesota-Iowa Swine Producers Association. There, introduced to some applause and a scattering of boos, the Secretary of Agriculture soon got around to the plan, proposed by some hog producers, for Government purchase of live hogs. Benson said flatly that it would not work, chiefly because there would be no way to store the live hogs or the processed pork for long periods of time. As for the cost, he said: "If we were to raise the price of hogs 5¢ a pound, as some suggest, it would cost the Gov-

wheat men that no plan will help them until stored surpluses are reduced."

Everywhere he went Ezra Benson outlined and advocated the farm program presented to Congress by the Eisenhower Administration (TIME, Jan. 23) as the best solution to the farm problem. Back in Washington his Under Secretary, True D. Morse, recommended to Congress that the Federal Government pay up to \$1 billion during 1956 to farmers who take from 44 million to 50 million acres out of production, under the "soil bank" feature of Benson's program. That figure had a pleasant sound for farmers' ears, but another announced by the Department of Agriculture did not. Because of the enormous corn surplus, the national acreage allotment for the 1956 commercial corn crop had to be cut 15% below last year's. In addition, the new modernized parity formula is expected to push the average price-support level for corn down from \$1.58 a bushel to \$1.50. This means that corn producers may take a double jolt.

As they flew back to Washington at week's end, Farm Missionaries Benson could not help but realize that they left a lot of unconverted behind them.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

The Algeria Hurdle

To judge by statistics alone, the new French government of Socialist Guy Mollet was off to a sensational start, voted into power with the biggest plurality given to any Premier since 1947. The National Assembly elected Mollet by an impressive 420 to 71. "I have so many votes," said Mollet wryly, "I'd like to be able to save some for the next time."

And well he might. His actual political base in Parliament is so narrow that the first misstep is likely to send him tumbling. A huge chunk of supporting votes (150) came from the Communists, whose support Socialist Mollet disavowed. Another big batch came from enemies who felt that the least they could do for their country, while deciding how best to unsettle Mollet, was to save France from the fate of a government coming into power solely because of Communist votes.

The Discontented. Mollet's coalition began crumbling in the first moments of spoils-dividing. Pierre Mendès-France, pouting over the electoral results that made Mollet and not himself the senior partner in their left-wing coalition, could not be Foreign Minister (because Good European Mollet mistrusts the man who killed EDC), and would not be Finance Minister (because Mendès opposes Socialist monetary doctrine). So Mendès accepted the office of Minister of State without Portfolio and went off into a vast chandeliered office, there (Socialists feared) to ponder fresh ways to get back to power. Mendès' newspaper *L'Express* growled: "This government does not correspond to the great hope aroused." And Catholic Commentator François Mauriac

grumbled: "Don't let them think they can count on me any more."

Of all the difficult hurdles a new French Premier must leap without laming himself, the first and foremost is Algeria. Campaigning, Mollet had promised quick action to end the violence and killing there. His first major pronouncement in office was that he would go to Algeria.

Mollet's choice of a new minister for Algeria suggested the line he hoped to follow. Leathery old (79) General Georges Catroux, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, has an unfortunate linkage in French minds with the French withdrawals from Syria, Lebanon and, in its first stages, the loss of Indo-China. When he accepted responsibility for Algeria last week, Catroux came out stoutly for a loosening of French authority over Algerians. "Algeria," said he, "cannot be treated like a French province. We must think of a statute that will give satisfaction to the Algerian personality. For example, a large administrative autonomy . . . with an equal share of rights and duties among all citizens."

Swelling Murmurs. Such talk fell like sparks on the tinder-dry tempers of Algeria's million French *colons*, who want no political equality with Arabs who outnumber them eight to one. For a year they had cold-shouldered Catroux's predecessor, Governor General Jacques Soustelle. But now, by comparison, Soustelle seemed a hero. Some 50,000 Europeans jammed the streets of Algiers to give him and Mme. Soustelle a bewilderingly touching send-off. The *colons* were equally noisy in proclaiming their refusal to be governed by General Catroux.

The violence of their mood further unsettled Mollet's new regime. Mollet,

though a mild-appearing ex-schoolmaster and party functionary, is a man of courage who escaped the Gestapo's hand in 1943. At the first reports of the angry murmurings against Catroux, Mollet announced steadfastly: "I will accompany General Catroux, and we will ride in the same car." Early this week, as the angry mutterings swelled, Catroux resigned. Mollet went off alone to Algiers, where he was greeted with a shower of rotten tomatoes as he laid a wreath at a monument to war dead.

Black Partner

Conspicuous among Premier Guy Mollet's new Cabinet members was a short, stocky, black-skinned man from French West Africa. Félix Houphouët-Boigny is the first Negro ever to hold Cabinet rank in France. His job: to rewrite the clause in France's 1946 constitution establishing the French Union. His purpose: to save "Black Africa" for France.

Houphouët-Boigny is an avowed enemy turned avowed friend. Ten years ago he had denounced the new postwar constitution as a "betrayal" of De Gaulle's wartime promise of full equality for Black Africa, and launched the *Rassemblement Démocratique Africain* with the slogan, "Battle to death against the European exploiters!" Formally and brazenly, he allied the R.D.A. with the Communists, conducted a two-year campaign of terrorism in the Ivory Coast, in which hundreds of fellow natives who dared support the French were massacred.

Late in 1950 Houphouët-Boigny had a change of heart. He called off the terrorism, and broke with the Communists. "Our movement, which aspired to promote prosperity and happiness, was en-



FRENCH WAR VETERANS IN ALGERIA DEMONSTRATING AGAINST NEW GOVERNMENT
The Premier went alone.

International

gendering destruction and fear," he explained. "One dies for a goal, an ideal, but not for a means. Communist alliance was only a means to help our cause, but instead it became an obstacle." In the next years Houphouët-Boigny built the R.D.A. into French Black Africa's first mass party, crisscrossed deserts and jungles from Dakar to Brazzaville to orate at native assemblies, organized party committees in nearly every one of Black Africa's 1,000 tribes. His new creed: "Independence is an easy slogan, but no solution for the African people. Even America cannot stand alone in the modern world. We need equal partnership with France."

Man of Destiny. Houphouët-Boigny[®], has his share of early and bitter memories of French overlordship. He inherited the chieftaincy of the Akwe tribe when he was five. This did not deter a minor French functionary from peremptorily requisitioning him out of the local mission school to be his houseboy. "It did not matter whether I was a chief's son or a slave, I was black," he remembers bitterly. He studied medicine at Dakar, but spent twelve years in native dispensaries serving as a medical "assistant" because only white men could be doctors.

His first taste of political leadership came when he returned to his family plantation and set to work organizing a farmers' union among the native coffee growers. "Traditional chieftains trusted me because I was one of them. So did the educated, modern-minded elite, because I was one of them, too."

At 50, Houphouët-Boigny feels himself a man of destiny. "When my people are free I will return to my plantation, like Washington," he says. A Roman Catholic in a family whose other members still believe in black magic, he is a self-styled ascetic, gave up mangoes at the age of 13 because he liked them too much, has since given up tobacco, alcohol, sports, music, movies, even the coffee which he grows on his plantation. "Every year I force myself to give up something I like." This still leaves him a good deal. In Paris he wears expensive European suits, is driven around town in his black Cadillac by a white French chauffeur, lives in a luxurious apartment. In Abidjan he wears cotton native robes, keeps a black Chrysler, maintains a house there and in his native village of Yamoussoukio, where he has torn down the straw huts and replaced them with 500 new concrete houses.

People Without Patience. Houphouët-Boigny's idea of a new French Union is some variety of federation, and his model is Britain's neighboring Gold Coast, run by his fellow tribesman Kwame Nkrumah.

* "Houphouët" is a Baule word meaning "pit for excrement." His father's parents, desperate when their first four children died in infancy, adopted the tribal custom of giving the fifth child a name indicating that he was unloved, unlovable and worthless, to divert the evil spirits that had taken the first four. The local sorcerer recommended Houphouët. "It worked," says Houphouët-Boigny, who, like all his descendants, must forever bear the name which saved his father.

But Houphouët-Boigny is well aware of the difficulties of providing "freedom" for a territory that is 13 times the size of France, divided among more than 1,000 tribes speaking 600 different tongues, many of them still so primitive that only five years ago a native elected to the French Senate was murdered and eaten by his Ivory Coast constituents. (Most tactless wisecrack of the week: outgoing Premier Edgar Faure's quip that Guy Mollet had included seven Senators in his government "to keep Houphouët-Boigny well fed.")

With the lessons of Morocco and Algeria before them, the French are gradually becoming aware that 97,000 white men cannot indefinitely rule Black Africa's 25



MINISTER HOUPHOUËT-BOIGNY
One dies for a goal, not a means.

million natives in the old way. And they have had warning. Last May Day, Communist-led nationalists touched off weeks-long rioting in the Cameroons; their exiled leader Um Nhohe is already claiming the title of "The Cameroonian Ho Chi Minh."

"People have confidence in me, but they don't have patience to wait," said Houphouët-Boigny last week. "Unless the French act quickly, I will lose control of our people—and blood will flow in Africa."

EUROPE

Coldest in Years

In Brussels one morning last week, 130 taxicabs were stalled by the cold. In The Netherlands' southern Limburg, milk companies gave up their bottling because the milk froze and cracked all the bottles. In Vienna services at famed St. Stephen's Cathedral had to be moved into the crypt. The people of sunny Nice, all set to celebrate the city's annual carnival, opened their windows to find a blanket of snow

covering streets and palm trees. In Rome at least one moppet, seeing Rome's first real snowfall in his lifetime (ten years), begged permission of his parents to go out and play in the *farina* (flour). Ice formed on the lagoon in Venice, and near Naples kids went skiing on Mount Vesuvius.

All of Europe shivered in the worst winter of the century. "Our temperature is lower than at the North Pole," one Moscow taxi driver told his fare proudly and accurately (Moscow thermometers registered -36.4° F., as opposed to the recordings of -7.6° at the pole). On Heligoland, in the North Sea, chilled islanders gathered together 8,000 cubic meters of firewood to build a gigantic bonfire.

Gourmets to the last, the newspapers of Paris printed up special menus "*pour le grand froid*." Their recommendation: plenty of red meat and fresh vegetables. Movie houses and theaters canceled their shows. The hydraulic elevators at the Eiffel Tower refused to work, and even the doughty and haughty *clochards* (the hobos of Paris) sought shelter in the stations of their ancient enemies, the police.

Britons were busy, as they usually are during any national crisis, taking care of their nation's animals. Rangers toured Wimbledon Common in a pony cart passing out food to wild birds. A fireman risked his life on the ice of a lake at Stanmore to save an Alsatian wolf dog that had fallen through. An R.A.F. helicopter winged its way across Suffolk to rescue icebound swans, and a Mrs. Phyllis Buckle, 57, of London did her bit by carrying 6 lbs. of corn, two loaves of bread and a hot-water bottle to the pigeons huddling in Trafalgar Square.

One small Briton, two-year-old Abraham McKillop of Dumbartonshire, had a miraculous escape when he was found covered with snow after 16 hours in a frozen ditch, and thawed out unharmed. But not everybody was so fortunate. All in all, the cold weather claimed at least 140 lives.

ITALY

What Gronchi Wants

In late February, the man who is President of Italy until 1962 will call on President Eisenhower. What will he say? Last week, Giovanni Gronchi answered that question in a surprisingly outspoken interview with U.S. Correspondent Edmund Stevens. If State Department officials expect that the invitation to the U.S. will check Signor Gronchi's discomforting leaning to the left in Italian politics, Stevens reported in the *Christian Science Monitor*, they are in for a "serious shock." Point by point, Gronchi ticked off the advice he intends to give Ike:

RED CHINA. Gronchi will urge the U.S. to drop its opposition to Peking's entry into the U.N., and will let it be known that Italy will soon recognize the Chinese Communists.

GERMAN UNIFICATION. Gronchi thinks the U.S. must produce some "new proposals" for German unification, or Chan-

cellor Konrad Adenauer will progressively lose support, and West Germany will fall for some Soviet proposal.

NATO. Gronchi argues that it was "conceived in the narrow image of the American view, which considers resistance to Communism solely in military terms," and the alliance soon will atrophy unless it concentrates on economic and technical aid.

U.S. FOREIGN POLICY. It is far too rigid and inflexible, and fails to understand "the positive aspects" brought about by the evolution that has followed the revolutions in Soviet Russia and Communist China.

"PROGRESSIVIST GOVERNMENT." Correspondent Stevens cut in: "What about evolution in Italy since you had your republican revolution?" At this point, wrote Stevens, "the President pensively removed the heavy tortoise-shell glasses that usually hide his expression, and smiled a sly Tuscan smile (every Tuscan has some Machiavelli in him and Signor Gronchi rather more than his share). 'I was the first to advocate a so-called opening to the left,' he answered, 'and I'm still in favor of it.'"

Gronchi, a handsome, greying man of 65 who was chosen President last spring, pleasantly explained to Stevens how he would go about arranging the "opening to the left." First he would ditch the Christian Democrats' small but stout allies, the Liberals (the nearest Italian equivalent to a free-enterprise party). They are a good, democratic right-wing group, Gronchi conceded, but there is no place for them in the "progressivist government" he envisages for Italy. Dropping them would leave the Christian Democrats in need of votes to command a majority, and Stevens asked where they would come from.

Not from the Communists, Signor Gronchi replied, for they bow to Moscow's directives. But the Red Socialists of Pietro Nenni are another matter. Though allied with the Communists, Gronchi maintained, they are firm believers in personal freedom and democracy, and differ with the Communists on these points.

"I remarked," said Stevens, "that in that case it was rather strange neither Signor Nenni nor any other spokesman for the Italian Socialist Party had ever spoken in disagreement with their Communist allies on such crucial questions. Signor Gronchi said that Signor Nenni was afraid to express his feelings openly lest it precipitate an open break with the Communists, which might split his own party."

Up from Cornerstones. In Gronchi's nine months in office, Stevens noted as he entered Quirinale Palace between gleaming rows of grenadier guards, Gronchi has brought back much of the pomp and ceremony that went out with King Umberto II in 1946. In that brief time, Giovanni Gronchi has also managed, by double force of his ambition and his personality, to raise the presidency from

the cornerstone-laying, banquet-attending job it started out to be. "Not only does he intrude on the [Premier's] powers," Stevens reported, "he also crowds him out of the limelight and steals the show."

"For good or ill, Signor Gronchi's views are sure to exert more and more weight on Italian policy at home and abroad in the next several years. This veteran politician and spokesman for the Christian Democratic left, whom the late Alcide de Gasperi deeply mistrusted, refuses to be a ceremonial figurehead of state. Despite constitutional limitations, he has jockeyed



Publifofo-Black Star
PRESIDENT OF ITALY
Turning left.

himself into a position where, as President, he can make or break Premiers almost if not quite in the manner of the absolute monarch.

"At the visit's end, I inquired whether Signor Gronchi really intended repeating everything he told me to Mr. Eisenhower. All that and more, he answered, adding 'I believe in frankness.'"

INDIA

Course of an Ideal

Five years ago, in the village of Pothampalli near Hyderabad, Vinoba Bhave, ascetic disciple of the late Mahatma Gandhi, saw the light: the solution to India's problems was land redistribution. Thereupon, Bhave set out with a few of his own disciples to persuade India's landowners to give away portions of their land (TIME, May 11, 1953). Bhave's target was 50 million acres (one-sixth of India's cultivated land) for 50 million landless laborers, and his appeal was spiritual; he asked landlords to treat him as their "fifth son." Last week, having walked more than 10,000 miles, prayed and pleaded his cause in seven Indian states, Holy Man Bhave strode back to Pothampalli in a saddened mood.

Bhave has collected gifts amounting to 4,600,000 acres, but his disciples can point to only 213,000 acres actually redistributed. About half this amount has come from landlords in Bihar state, who have given Bhave large tracts of barren land, and thereby achieved a spurious odor of sanctity, while continuing to exploit tenants on their good land. Criticism of the muddled organization of Bhave's *Bhoodan* (land-gift) movement has steadily mounted. Cracked Bombay Governor Harekrishna Mahtab: "Gandhi wished to abolish poverty; *Bhoodan* merely distributes it."

Like many a disillusioned man, Bhave has changed his attitude from a vague idealism to a desperate radicalism. Said he, dashing aside the garlands that were thrust upon him last week: "*Bhoodan* stands for land revolution by abolishing private ownership. I want to wipe out individual land ownership."

In an attack on Congress Party corruption, Bhave outlined his latest solution for India's troubles: "The existing form of government must be liquidated at an early date and replaced by *gram raj* [village government]. The social structure would be recast by having everyone over 21 years elect '*Bhoodan* committees' to redistribute all the land, according to need based on the size of families. Though there is precedent for such ideas in the teachings of Gandhi, Bhave had found other sympathizers for his leveler's commonwealth. Said he: 'The Communists have assured me of their cooperation.'"

For a man who had started out by telling the Communists: "The difference between you and me is the difference between a corpse and a living man," Bhave had come a long way. He still has the support of Socialist Leader Jaya Prakash Narayan (the most respected politician in India after Nehru), who had quit politics under the spell of Bhave's earlier idealism. But Narayan himself is deeply disturbed by the failures of redistribution, and now demands that every Indian university student compulsorily devote one year to *Bhoodan* work. Said Narayan last week: "We must be quick, or those who believe in violence will step over our dead bodies."

CYPRUS

Heat & Haggling

The Greeks have a good case in Cyprus (TIME, Jan. 9), but they are not content to leave it at that. Day and night last week, as they have been doing for months, the official Athens radio and the excitable Greek press piled on faggots of falsity and fancy to feed the fire of the Cyprus problem.

"The British run torture centers in Cyprus where they beat their prisoners, inject them with truth serums, extract their teeth and fingerprints," cried Athens' Voice of the Fatherland radio, beamed to turbulent Cyprus, U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, said one newspaper, is "the accomplice of the most shameful international crime of our age." When a

policeman was killed trying to keep order on the island, Athens beamed back its own version: "Agents of the foreign dynasty [Britain] provoked the riots and killed the policeman in order to provoke further rioting."

Beneath Contempt. Faced with such incendiary propaganda, the British Government announced in the House of Commons that it was considering jamming Athens broadcasts to the island crown colony. Immediately there was an outcry from Britain's Labor Opposition. Never in Lord Haw-Haw's noisiest days had the British jammed the Nazi radio; Winston Churchill preferred to treat Goebbels' propaganda as beneath contempt. But, argued the Tories last week, the circumstance is different when Greek incites fellow Greek to terrorism. And Britain, which in a desperate hour sent what troops it could spare to Greece to fight off the Nazis, dislikes being told now by NATO partner Greece that its rule on Cyprus is like Dachau and Auschwitz. Even some responsible Greeks, apparently including Premier Karamanlis himself, were fearful that their propagandists were going too far. But Greece was in the midst of an election campaign, and moderation was not the mood of the moment.

Behind the ugly heat of radioed words, and the rounding up of youthful Cypriot firebrands, Britain's soldier-diplomat, Sir John Harding, continued negotiations with Cypriot Archbishop Makarios, spiritual shepherd and temporal leader (Ethnarch) of the Greek Cypriots. Begrudgingly, the British found themselves treating him like a head of state.

Talking Details. London's latest proposal, couched in enough roundabouts and negatives to make the eyeballs twirl, said in effect that Britain is not unwilling to negotiate some form of "self-determination" for Cyprus if the islanders "sincerely cooperate" in arranging a gradual change to self-government. Makarios replied with a letter to Sir John that he would accept this as "a basis for continuing our joint efforts toward a solution." It would be difficult not to: the British proposal is practically the same as Makarios offered them four months ago (and the British then refused).

On this basis Harding and Makarios began talking details. The British insist that whatever the form of self-government, they must retain control of Cyprus' defense, foreign policy and internal security, i.e., police, and they demand tight guarantees that the island's 94,000 Turks will live as equals with its 410,000 Greeks. Makarios balked at first over leaving the police in British hands, later in the week seemed willing to concede the point.

Each side has cautiously proclaimed that they are near agreement, but the question is whether the archbishop will sign so long as he sees the possibility of getting more concessions by not signing. Against the useful advantages of this technique is the growing realization, by both Sir John Harding (15 of whose men have been killed during his brief stay on Cyprus)



BRITISH TROOPS ROUNDING UP CYPRIOT TROUBLEMAKERS
Faggots of falsity and fancy fed the fire.

and Archbishop Makarios, that if they do not reach a settlement soon, they will lose control of the situation to the advocates of violence.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Ghosts of Borley

By October 1928 the ministry at Borley parish had stood vacant for some time. Borley Rectory, a rambling, ramshackle Victorian barn of a house, sprawled on an Essex hillside, had little to offer the wife of any rector. Its roof leaked; its plumbing was in hopeless disrepair; its corners and closets were cluttered with the detritus of ages; rats and mice infested its secret corridors; and many of its rooms were unfurnished. To the Rev. Guy Eric Smith, a man of middle age newly ordained to the ministry, all this was of little account—a parish was a parish. But what the Rev. Mr. Smith did not know was that Borley Rectory was the haunt not only of mice and cobwebs but the headquarters as well of what seemed to be the busiest set of ghosts in all England.

Borley's haunts included a tall stranger in a top hat who paid bedside calls on "unsuspecting parlor maids, an aged family retainer long since dead, a lurking prowler who went without a hat and without a head as well, a phantom coach that rolled wildly through the front yard behind a brace of phantom horses. Also in the ghostly cast: a wistfully mourning lady variously identified as 1) Arabella Waldegrave, daughter of a 17th century local lord, 2) an English nun whose weakness for a monk in a monastery, said to have occupied the rectory site, had led to her being sealed up alive in a wall, and 3) a French nun, Marie Lairre, who had renounced her vows to become the bride of a Waldegrave only to be strangled and buried in a cellar for her devotion.

Sixteen Hours. All or most of this was well known to the villagers of Borley when the Smiths took over their parish.

In local pubs the rectory was known as "the most haunted house in England." Within a year, thanks to Rector Smith himself and an enthusiastic ghost hunter named Harry Price, its infamy had spread throughout the nation. Harry Price, an affable hobbyist of independent means, was far and away Britain's best-known investigator of psychic phenomena. His books on the subject were legion and readable, and his spectacular exposures of fake spiritualists were invariably good for pages of newspaper copy.

Called in by a London newspaper to investigate Parson Smith's complaints, Harry sped to Borley Rectory on June 12, 1929. Soon the old place began acting up as it never had before. Keys shot out of their keyholes like projectiles. Bells rang with no one to ring them. Pebbles and candlesticks hurtled through the air. Rappings and tappings sounded from all sides like a telegraphers' convention. Even the ghostly nun Marie put in a polite appearance in honor of the visitor. Altogether, wrote Price later, "it was a day to be remembered even by an experienced investigator . . . Sixteen hours of thrills!"

From that time on, Borley Rectory's position as the No. 1 haunted house of the land went virtually unchallenged. Tenants came and went, but scarcely a year passed without some new and startling account of Borley's restless specters. Even the destruction of the old place by fire in 1939 failed to calm the ghosts who were seen by some disporting themselves in the flames. If there were any skeptics left, Price's own volumes, *The Most Haunted House in England* and *The End of Borley Rectory*, soon dispelled them. Even Sir Ernest Jelf, Senior Master of His Majesty's Supreme Court, examined Price's evidence and confessed himself "at a loss to understand what cross-examination could possibly shake it."

Pebbles & Pranks. Only Britain's learned and incorruptible Society of Psychical Research, to which Harry Price

himself belonged, held out. An institution as fussy scrupulous about the authenticity of English ghosts as are the royal heralds over English titles, the society appointed three researchers to check Price's facts. Just published in England in a volume worthy to stand on any bookshelf alongside the best of Dorothy Sayers' adult mysteries, their findings seem destined to lay for all time the ghosts of Borley Rectory. At the least, say Researchers Eric Dingwall, Kathleen Goldney and Trevor Hall, Price was guilty of "overtelling" his tale.

In retracing Price's steps, Dingwall & Co. have found many explanations for the goings-on at Borley that require no ghosts to support them. An early rector, to whom some of the first visions appeared, was found to have been a chronic victim of a disease which caused him to sleep, perchance to dream, almost constantly. Price's own unpublished papers reveal that Mrs. Foyster, the young and restless wife of the aged and ineffective rector who followed the Smiths into Borley Rectory, showed a naughty tendency to fake ghostly manifestations. And Price, himself, it turned out, was not above tossing a pebble or two from a well-stocked pocket to enliven a ghostless séance.

In the close fellowship of British ghost hunters, whose passionate efforts to expose psychic hoaxes are coupled with an ardent desire to believe in the real thing, there was no more joy over the exposure of Harry Price than there was among anthropologists over the fall of the Piltown man (*TIME*, Nov. 30, 1953). "Our criticisms have given us no satisfaction," wrote Price's accusers, Harry Price himself, having died in 1948, was beyond making any rebuttal, unless by further spiritual manifestation. The whole business, mourned the *Glasgow Herald*, "is a melancholy proof of human frailty."

NIGERIA

The Queen's Durbars

Beside the Kaduna River one day last week, a gaudy explosion of sound and color broke over Britain's largest colony. Spearman whooped and saddlery creaked. Drums bongity-bongity-bongited. Reed pipes wailed, wooden *kafo* horns growled out Louis Armstrong blue notes. The Emir of Kano's jester wore his best blue-dyed sheepskin wig and beard. Some of the warriors wore chain mail, wide-bladed swords or helmets of Crusader descent.

They had come over mountains, through jungles, across the tsetse-fly belt, by foot, on horses and camels or in shiny new American cars to pay homage to their Queen, Elizabeth II. It was the first *durbars* (gathering of the princes) since India's turnout for George V in 1911, and the first ever in Africa. Doing her best to match the expectations of her audience, the guest of honor wore an evening dress, bejeweled Garter sash, diamond tiara and an ermine stole. It was a narrow question whether her costume or the excited plumage of her subjects was more incongruous in the noontime tropi-

cal heat. But both parties plainly enjoyed each other's getup.

All in all, 2,500 caparisoned horsemen and another 5,000 on foot flowed out to Kaduna's racecourse and polo field to parade and maneuver before the Queen. In wave after wave, each gaudier and more dashing than the one before, they



QUEEN ELIZABETH & ESCORT
United Press
Drums bongity-bongity-bongited.

marched and charged before the royal box, where their leaders paused to salute, then move on. From a raised pavilion, the Queen accepted the homage of, among others, the Rwang Pam of Birom, the Adia of Igala, the Tor of Tiv, the Och of Idoma and the Etsu Nupe.

NORWAY

Fish Story

Norwegians care little how the herring ends its days, be it Matjes, marinated, soaked in sour cream, smoked, baked or fried. But they cannot abide it poached. Like others before them (Britons, Icelanders, Germans), Russia's herring fleet made this discovery the hard way last week.

After first ascertaining that the Norwegian fishermen were in port, in keeping with the Norwegian law which forbids fishing on Sundays, a fleet of some 60 Soviet boats followed a shoal of herring inside Norway's four-mile limit and let down their purse nets off Aalesund. A police cruiser sped out to chase the trespassers. When the Russian boat captains could not or would not understand, a shoal of small warships of the Norwegian navy steamed out. Two Russian boats tried to get away; a machine gun sputtered, and the boats dove to. Norwegians climbed aboard four small boats and a

larger storage ship, led them back to harbor under arrest for poaching.

The Russians were not cowed. The rest of the Soviet fleet moved in and dipped nets into Norwegian waters. The warships sped out again, fired a few more shots across Russian bows, steamed resolutely back to port with another 10 ships, including the 7,000-ton *Tambov*, the Soviet fleet's mother ship. While 800 Soviet crewmen—relieved to get ashore after being cooped up for four months aboard ship—loafed and chatted with the people of Aalesund, Norwegian authorities got two of the 15 skippers to admit they had been poaching, then fired off a strong protest to Moscow. Radio Moscow simply replied that Norway should release the Soviet fishing boats without delay.

The Norwegians in turn refused to be cowed. Aalesund authorities began court proceedings against the offending boats (usual punishment is confiscation of the catch and a stiff fine of approximately \$14,000 per poaching boat). The Russians advised Oslo that it was all "a regrettable misunderstanding," said there had been no premeditated poaching, and appealed to Norway to release the 15 Soviet boats. Relieved Norwegians stopped looking for deep political motives beneath the Red herring chase. "I think it's just plain fish—nothing else," said an official.

RUSSIA

Who Controls the Police?

In the years when George Malenkov was Stalin's personnel manager, he helped his boss build up a hierarchy of young technocrat-commissars. To get his men into key jobs, Malenkov had to shove out many a stubborn old Bolshevik. At the Commissariat of Heavy Industry, where old-line Commissar Ordzhonikidze gave notice that he would resist purging, Malenkov quietly put in his own security chief. The new man quickly turned over the commissariat's personnel files to the NKVD (central secret police), thus putting them in a position to purge most of Ordzhonikidze's engineers and to get rid of the troublesome old Commissar himself. The new man: a hulking, fresh-faced peasant with an impeccable record in the revolutionary *Cheka*, Sergei Kruglov.

Kruglov was a natural for the next big job of Soviet industry: helping to organize the sprawling GULAG prison camps into a source of slave labor. He carried out the job with impersonal ruthlessness. During World War II he moved on into SMERSH, the Soviet counterespionage outfit, and at war's end he was so much in Stalin's trust that he was made top security man in the Kremlin. In this role Comrade Kruglov appeared at the Teheran Conference, where he kept close to Stalin's side. He was Molotov's personal bodyguard at San Francisco. He was at Yalta and at Potsdam, where he was introduced to President Truman and received an autographed portrait. Allied newsmen remember his great belly laugh and piercing eyes, noted that he carefully concealed a halting knowledge of English. But for

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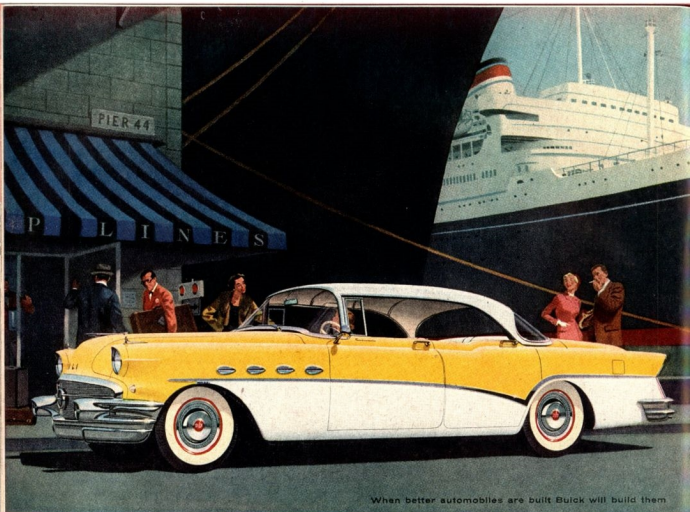
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his expertness in security the U.S. awarded him the Legion of Merit, the British made him a Knight of the British Empire.

The Rising Deputy. When Stalin split the unwieldy Soviet security apparatus into two branches, Kruglov became MVD boss, controlling a crack security army of a million men. His deputy: Colonel Ivan Serov. After Stalin's death, Internal Affairs Minister Beria began liquidating top security bosses, but before he had gone far—or far enough—he was himself arrested. The day of Beria's arrest, Kruglov's troops blocked all exits and entrances to Moscow, froze the city tight. The same day, Premier Malenkov named Kruglov Minister of Internal Affairs in place of Beria.

But the star of Georgy Malenkov and his technocrat-commissars was on the wane, that of Party Secretary Nikita Khrushchev rapidly rising. Shortly after Malenkov's dramatic resignation (February 1955), the world learned that Kruglov was not, after all, top Soviet security man, but that there had existed for some months a higher State Security Committee, presided over by Kruglov's former deputy Ivan Serov. When Khrushchev went junketing to India, it was Serov who went along with him. Meanwhile, Minister Kruglov's department was under oblique criticism: his organization had failed to curb abuses in such pet Khrushchev projects as the building industry and the Virgin Land.

Seven Lines in Pravda. But the big tip-off that all was not well with Kruglov came recently with the report that six former NKVD interrogators had been tried and executed for the murder of Ordzhonikidze, who in 1937 was said to have died naturally. Last week a seven-line paragraph on the back page of *Pravda* announced that Kruglov had been "released" and would be replaced by Nikolai P. Dudorov, a little-known bureaucrat with Khrushchev connections.

In the labyrinthine politics of Soviet power, control of the police apparatus is vital. Khrushchev and his party cadres have apparently gained one more sector on the eve of this week's 20th Party Congress. But they still advance carefully. The *Pravda* announcement referred to Kruglov as "comrade," indicating that he was not, so far, an "enemy of the people." All five previous bosses of Russia's secret police either died at their jobs or were executed shortly after being removed.

Cold Comfort Farming

Letavin: I don't like milking cows. It's not interesting.

State Farm Director: You are not only a traitor, you're an ideological traitor. Letavin: . . . I'm not happy here on the Virgin Land.

State Farm Director: Don't you see what you are? You're a force in formation. You carry within yourself a Party vow . . . —We Three Went to the Virgin Land

The "Virgin Land" is Soviet propaganda's term for an unsettled stretch of

central Siberian steppe, about the size of the two Dakotas, that Party Secretary Khrushchev grandiosely planned to put under wheat in just two seasons. Ploughs and tractors were brought hastily from the Ukraine. Tens of thousands of *Komsomols* (Young Communists), most of them without farm experience, were dumped on the steppe and told it was their sacred duty to produce.

Many *Komsomols* bucked the bleak frontier job. Their complaints, leaking back to Moscow, deterred later volunteers. Last month Khrushchev conceded that "some husbandries were set up in a hurry and were not quite successful," admitted that the area lacked rainfall, was scourged by early frosts, the soil was saline, and that on some farms one out of every three workers was a bureaucrat. But Khrushchev stuck doggedly to his old



Associated Press

EX-COP KRUGLOV
Canned, but still a comrade.

line that the state farm was the solution to Russia's agricultural problem.

Khrushchev's propaganda push for the Virgin Land has made it a favorite front-page subject in *Pravda*, a heroic subject for Soviet moviemakers, and the inspiration for at least two Moscow plays. But since Russian playwrights have also been instructed to get more credible realism into their turgid propaganda drama, the exhortations have been marked by some surprising candor.

The New Life. Thus old-line Propagandist Nikolai Pogodin in a Moscow play, *We Three Went to the Virgin Land*, has his hero Marochka soliloquizing: "Now, tell yourself, why did you give such a lightning-like consent to go to the Virgin Land? Was it because of the fear of a [party] trial? I swear it is not only the fear of a trial . . . Over there in the wilderness I'll start a new life. The past will be buried. Everyone will be drinking;

I'll not, I'll behave, I'll be almost a saint. No one will say that Marochka is almost a hoodlum . . . I'll live alone without anyone, without cards, I'll be reborn within the *Komsomol* . . ."

But Pogodin's heroine Nelly, already in the Virgin Land, is less optimistic: "I just can't understand why all of us are not dead yet, Virgin Land, see that! It's a nightmare, I swear! No plumbing whatsoever anywhere . . . And I, fool, came to these lands! The little girl got caught. Ha! Ha! . . . And who asked me to come? No one. Not only nobody asked me, I was even warned against it . . . And there is no toilet, just snow up to the neck . . . Between ourselves, one could have a nice zoo over here, because every night the wolves are howling, like in a movie. My darling idiot, you got caught. All my friends are now having their hair fixed in a beauty shop, and I, miserable girl, will spend my whole night on bare wooden planks. There are no virgin lands here, only wolves, snow, storms. Nelly is lost. Don't wait for me, dear girl friends . . ."

But tough living is only one aspect of Pogodin's Virgin Land. In the background there is a character identified as the Unknown Man (obviously liberated from a still grimmer slave camp), who tempts the young *Komsomols* to give up work and live on their wits, as he does. There is also a cynical carpenter who asks: "Shall we build a bathhouse in a cultural or a noncultural way? If it is cultural, then it will be a cold one." There is a fight between boys and girls to get into the cultural bathhouse (won by the girls), and knife fights between young men over girls. And there are dreamers who wonder: "We always think about man in a concrete way, but we never think about his soul. We only see norms and norms. But a human being is something else also." From all these horrors, Marochka and his pals are of course rescued, in the last act, by their better Communist natures.

Categorical Objections. But it was not the last act that brought audiences crowding into Moscow's Central Children's Theater to see *We Three Went to the Virgin Land* last November and December. As the word went around Moscow that *We Three* was something to see, an alert Communist Party stopped the play, roundly censured Pogodin. Commented *Pravda*: "Categorical objections are aroused by the new play . . . The three go to the Virgin Land to repair either their characters or their biographies, when in fact the *Komsomol* organization selected the best comrades, who were drawn into the uninhabited steppe not by cupidity or adventure or by a desire to rid themselves of their past, but by the high romanticism of a feat of good, by an unselfish service to the Socialist motherland." Said the *Literary Gazette*: "Pogodin's play lacks bright, optimistic feelings, a heroic mood."

Thus corrected, playwright Pogodin last week was busily revising *We Three*.

THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

The Man from Minas (See Cover)

The clanging of church bells, scream of sirens and thud of artillery salutes penetrated as a confused blend of sound into the blossom-bedecked Chamber of Deputies in Rio's Tiradentes Palace, but the spectators seemed unaware of the background noise or the extravagant colors of the tropical flowers. All attention centered on a pale, slender man in white tie and

countrymen a vast promise—not merely to cope with the old, urgent problems of sprinting inflation and nagging debts, but to push and pull the nation a long way toward the bright dream of tomorrow—in his own phrase, to achieve "Fifty Years' Progress in Five." Kubitschek is a man with a political flair and a remarkable capacity for work; he will need both.

Showing his political touch, he made a protocol-breaking appearance on the balcony of Catete Palace a few minutes after taking over, "I promised that I would

ity." That night he spoke at a sumptuous banquet (caviar, lobster, pheasant) for the 59 foreign delegations assembled in Rio.

At Catete Palace next day, Kubitschek met with Vice President Richard Nixon and Assistant Secretary of State Henry Holland, to discuss Brazil's need for U.S. help in jacking up its economy and coping with Communist penetration efforts. Afterwards, Holland remarked: "No doubt about it, this appears to be the best government to deal with that Brazil has ever had." Said Nixon in a speech at the Volta



PRESIDENT KUBITSCHKEK (CENTER) & FRIENDS AT CATETE PALACE
"I promised that I would enter with the people."

Paulo Mantz

black tailcoat. "I swear," he said, tense with emotion, "to uphold, defend and obey the Constitution of the Republic, and to maintain its union, integrity and independence." Intoned the presiding officer of the Chamber of Deputies: "I proclaim you, Juscelino Kubitschek, President of the Republic for a period of five years."

Pelted with flowers, hailed with cheers and popping firecrackers, the new President of Latin America's biggest nation rode from Tiradentes to Catete Palace along streets guarded by cavalymen in plumed ceremonial helmets—and also by drab, businesslike tanks, forceful reminders that Brazil was still living under a state of siege. At Catete, Acting President Nereu Ramos took off the green-and-gold sash of office and draped it across the incoming President's breast.

"Mr. President," said Ramos, "you are taking over the government of the Republic in an hour of great changes and great hopes." And with that, Juscelino Kubitschek, 54, sometime practicing physician and surgeon, last week took up the burden of governing a half-formed, painfully growing giant of a nation, greater in area than the U.S., greater in its 58 million population than France or Britain, but still a Land of the Future, its past a tangle of good intentions and bad techniques, its present clouded and uncertain.

Brazil's new President has made his

enter Catete with the people of Brazil," he cried. "I will keep that promise." He ordered the guards to open the gates and let in the huge crowd. Still wearing his sash, he mixed with the milling, chattering visitors. He slapped backs, grasped hands, whisked children up in his arms to buss their cheeks. Then, unaided by any microphone, he made a brief, unscheduled speech from the veranda. "I intend to work for order, justice and the welfare of the people," he said. "We are with you, Juscelino!" somebody shouted, and the crowd thundered agreement.

Threshold of an Era. One of the President's first official acts was to decree an end to the despised press censorship imposed by the interim administration last November. A few days later he asked Congress to lift the state of siege as of Feb. 15, ten days ahead of schedule. As a gesture to show that he expects no violence, Kubitschek plans to send back to other duties the plainclothes detail assigned to guard him. "I rely on this more than any bodyguard," he told a friend, patting a German-made .25-caliber automatic hidden beneath his well-tailored jacket.

An early riser, the President held his first Cabinet meeting at 7 a.m. on the day after the inauguration, reminded his ministers that he firmly intends to push ahead with his economic program and maintain "a high standard of administrative mor-

Redonda steel plant the following day: "I confidently believe that Brazil is on the threshold of an era of progress unequalled in history by any nation in this Hemisphere. I am confident that with its abundant resources, its great people and its dedicated leadership, Brazil's progress in the next few years will startle the world."

Up from Diamantina. The hard task of leading Brazil into what he calls "the final stage of emancipation" will be harder for Juscelino Kubitschek because he took office as a figure of controversy. He won last October's election with only 36% of the votes; only a "preventive revolution" by the army halted a drive by bitter-opponents to nullify the vote and call off the inauguration.

Kubitschek's character and stature are matters of heated debate in Brazil. Seen through hostile eyes, he is a lightweight, a mixture of playboy and opportunist. Admirers look upon him as a born leader with surpassing political skill, and an executive of great competence, with promise of becoming, measured by practical accomplishment, the greatest President Brazil has ever had.

He is, in fact, as many-faceted as a diamond from Diamantina, the drowsy backland town where he was born and raised. On the polished surface, no trace remains to recall the shy, shabby small-town who at 18 took a third-class coach to the

state capital to make his way in the world. Smooth, brisk and notably well-groomed, he suggests just what he used to be—a high-fee society doctor. Young for a Brazilian President, he looks even younger, with catlike grace and glowing vigor. His smile rivals French Actor Fernandel's in expanse. He loves society parties, especially if there is dancing. Tangos and slow foxtrots are his favorites, but he can samba with the lightest-footed—showing a distinct preference for pretty partners. At a ball a few years ago, the late President Getulio Vargas jokingly asked Kubitschek why he didn't ask some homely women to dance. "I do, Mr. President," he quipped, "but only during an election campaign."

Unglamorous Slogan. Quick-minded rather than reflective, Kubitschek seldom does any off-the-job reading heavier than historical novels. On the job, he prefers oral briefings to written reports. His favorite sedentary diversion is poker; a bold, unfathomable bluffer, he usually wins. He has no hobbies, no interest in sports. "When I was young, I was too poor," he explains. "Later I was too busy."

Perhaps his greatest gift is his awesome energy. No matter how late he stays up at night, he gets to his office at 7 a.m. As mayor of Belo Horizonte and later as governor of his home state of Minas Gerais, he undertook extensive public-works programs—and carried them out. "What I start, I finish," he says.

Kubitschek has no rigid political ideology. He can adapt his viewpoint to an audience or a situation as effortlessly as water conforms to the shape of a pitcher. He has been called, among other things, "leftist" and "conservative." Neither tag really fits, but conservative is probably the less inaccurate of the two. His presidential campaign slogan was unemotional and unglamorous; he promised, not a political reformation or social transformation, but "Power, Transportation and Food."

"My Mother's Son." In his exterior, Juscelino Kubitschek resembles his handsome father, João Oliveira, a gay, clever but improvident amateur poet, who died when Juscelino was two. Inside, he is far more like his prim, pious mother Júlia. Stern Widow Júlia reared the boy and his older sister Maria on a schoolteacher's salary. Harried and embittered by poverty, Júlia drilled into her son a fierce will to succeed. Now a hale-looking 83, she still calls him by his boyhood nickname, Nonô.

"In reality I am more my mother's son than my father's," Juscelino Kubitschek said recently. Blue-eyed Júlia, granddaughter of a German-speaking immigrant from what is now Czechoslovakia, continued to go by her maiden name after her marriage, and Juscelino grew up as Kubitschek rather than Oliveira. Now that he is famous, his countrymen rarely pronounce the name Kubitschek; he is simply "Juscelino," just as Vargas was always "Getulio."

First Shoes. During the 18th century diamond rush in the inland plateau state of Minas Gerais, Diamantina was a rich,

bustling city of 40,000 inhabitants. A local diamond magnate even had an artificial lake and several miniature ships built, so that his *mulata* mistress could ease her nostalgia for the sea without making the three-week muleback trip to Rio. By the time Juscelino Kubitschek was born, Sept. 12, 1901, the synthetic sea had long since vanished, along with the diamonds, and hillside Diamantina had shrunk into an uneventful, cobbled-streeted town with a population of less than 10,000.

Even by the standards of Diamantina, the Kubitschek family was poor. When Júlia had taught her son all she could, she persuaded Diamantina's Roman Catholic seminary to take him as a pupil at a reduced tuition fee. On his first day of school, Juscelino, then eleven, put on his first pair of shoes, brought with money earned as a grocer's errand boy. Recalls one of his seminary teachers: "I never saw such a remarkable memory in a child. He could recite an entire page by heart after reading it once. He was not what I would call deep, but he certainly was bright."

After a few years, even cut-rate fees proved too costly for Júlia's pinched purse, and Juscelino had to leave school. At 18, having taught himself Morse code, he qualified as an operator in the Minas Gerais state telegraph system. He left home for Belo Horizonte, the state capital, with one spare shirt and a roast chicken. During the months he had to wait for an opening, he lived largely on bread.

Beyond the Horizon. The future President worked as a telegraph operator in Belo Horizonte for seven years, putting himself through preparatory schools and

medical school. On the job from midnight to 7 a.m., he started classes at 8 a.m., snatched a few hours of sleep in the afternoon. He got his M.D. (*cum laude*) at 26, resigned his telegrapher's job the same day. Meanwhile, his sister Maria had married a prosperous Belo Horizonte surgeon, who made Kubitschek his assistant. A year later, bitten by wanderlust, Kubitschek borrowed money from rich friends and took off for Europe—supposedly to study, but actually to satisfy his itch to see what lay beyond the Belo Horizonte horizon. He did some serious postgraduate work at clinics in Paris, Berlin and Vienna, but he also spent a lot of time in cafés.

Returning to Belo Horizonte broadened and polished by travel, he married the pretty, dark-eyed daughter of a wealthy politician. The marriage was happy. "He has not always been a perfect husband," Sarah Kubitschek said secretly. "But after all, perfection is dull." The Kubitscheks have two children. Márcia and Maristela, both twelve. Márcia was born to them; they adopted Maristela five years later, to spare Márcia an only child's loneliness.

The Call to Politics. Prospering Surgeon Kubitschek became increasingly absorbed in politics as years went by, serving as secretary of the state government and later as a federal deputy. In 1940 the governor of Minas Gerais named him mayor of Belo Horizonte. With that, Kubitschek gave up surgery altogether.

For a man with no experience in administration or leadership, youthful Dr. Kubitschek made an extraordinarily successful mayor. "It was just as if he grabbed the city physically and gave it a



BELO HORIZONTE
The city got a good shaking.

Albuquerque

good shaking," a friend recalls. Laid out Washington-style in the 1890s, handsome Belo Horizonte (pop. 400,000) had outgrown its plan. During Kubitschek's term as mayor, Belo's water supply and street mileage more than doubled; the paved-sidewalk area and sewer capacity tripled.

Pigs & Pig Iron. Kubitschek took a minor part in 1945 in the founding of the pro-Vargas Social Democratic Party (P.S.D.), an alliance of state political machines, largely controlled by well-to-do businessmen and landowners. In 1950, after a second tour in the federal Chamber of Deputies, he ran for governor of Minas Gerais as the P.S.D. candidate, was elected for a five-year term.

Second among Brazil's 20 states in population (8,000,000), Minas is almost Texas in area—and Mineiros take an almost Texan pride in it. The Portuguese colonizers found the region so rich in minerals that they named it, prosaically, General Mines. In the 18th century, Minas produced a large share of the world's gold and diamonds. Today it produces 99% of Brazil's iron ore, 95% of its manganese and mica. Near the town of Itabira lie the world's biggest known deposits of high-grade iron ore. Minas is Brazil's No. 1 state in output of corn, cattle and dairy products, No. 2 in pigs and pig iron.

Despite this natural abundance, Minas Gerais was a poorer state in 1950, its industrial growth, as in all of Brazil, sadly hindered by lack of adequate electric power and transportation. In running for governor, Juscelino Kubitschek took "Power and Transportation" as his slogan, promised to build 1,900 miles of new roads and would double the state's electric-power output. By the time Kubitschek resigned last April to run for President, Minas' operating electric-power capacity had soared from 205,000 kilowatts to 450,000, and a little more than 1,900 miles of new roads had been laid down. The rapidly growing state attracted \$325 million in new investment capital, and industrial production more than doubled.

Kubitschek had already made up his mind to run for President in the October 1955 election, and hoped to get President Vargas' backing, when Vargas' suicide (in August 1954) threw Brazil's politics and parties into wild confusion. One result, when emotion quieted, was that Kubitschek managed to corral the P.S.D. presidential nomination, despite the strenuous opposition of the older bosses. That split forced him to reach for the additional backing of the Vargas-created Labor Party (P.T.B.). The price was admittedly high: he had to take demagogic P.T.B. Boss João ("Jango") Goulart as his vice-presidential running mate. Goulart

was especially hated by the anti-Vargas military chiefs because of his extreme inflationary policies during a term as federal Minister of Labor. Kubitschek knew that the Goulart alliance increased the risk of military intervention to keep him out of office if he won. But it was a risk to be taken.

The Red Line. Soon after the Labor Party endorsed Kubitschek, the illegal Brazilian Communist Party stopped calling him a lackey of big business and, in a characteristic display of party-line acrobatics, endorsed him for President. Outlawed by Congress in 1947 (Kubitschek was among the Deputies who voted in favor of the ban), the party still has an estimated 60,000 members and many non-Communists fellow-travel its line.



FIRST LADY WITH DAUGHTERS MÁRCIA (LEFT) & MARISTELA
Perfection would be dull.

Eager for votes, Kubitschek failed to reject the Red endorsement—a piece of opportunism that has already made trouble for him and is likely to make more.

In the presidential campaign, Kubitschek used the same methods that had won him the governorship: go to the voters, hit even the little, out-of-the-way towns that other candidates skip, invite questions, have an answer for everything. He chartered a DC-3, fitted it out as a combination office, bedroom and conference room, covered 100,000 miles in the most strenuous search for votes in the annals of Brazilian politics. His wife Sarah organized women's J-J (Juscelino-Jango) clubs throughout the country, made speeches on TV, kept up her husband's morale with her cheerful, unlagging conviction that he would win. "I was against Juscelino's going into politics," she said. "But when he went ahead anyway, I was right there beside him."

Of the four candidates in the race for the Presidency, two were moralizers and

two materialists. General Juarez Távora and Right-Winger Plínio Salgado, both considered deeply religious, vowed to clean up corruption. Juscelino Kubitschek and rich, Falstaffian Ademar de Barros, both M.D.s, former state governors and practical politicians, vowed to raise living standards. Barros ran well ahead of Kubitschek in the big cities; Kubitschek piled up his plurality in the inland towns and farm villages, where the P.S.D. machine operated most efficiently, and where most of the voters had laid eyes on no other presidential candidate. The final count: Kubitschek, 3,077,411; Távora, 2,610,462; Barros, 2,222,725; Salgado, 714,379.

No sooner were the votes counted than the block-Kubitschek camp, arguing that he would not have won without Communist endorsement, got to work. In the name of anti-Communism, morality and higher democracy, a faction—made up largely of navy and air force officers, intellectuals and conservative politicians—set out to prevent the President-elect's inauguration one way or another—if necessary, by means of a *golpe* (military coup).

The sturdiest military opponent of the *golpistas* was majestic, stony-faced Lott, General Henrique Teixeira Lott, War Minister under President João Café Filho, Vargas' successor. No great admirer of Kubitschek, non-political General Lott felt, nevertheless, that the army's clear duty was to accept the voters' decision and uphold the constitution. With most of the key army commanders on his side, Lott had enough firepower to keep the anti-inauguration camp from even trying to bring off a *golpe*—so long as he remained War Minister.

To be on the safe side, Lott and trusted staff officers drew up operations plans for dealing with a revolt by 1) civilians, 2) the air force, 3) the navy, or 4) the air force and navy together. Eight men alone knew of the existence of these plans, kept in four sealed envelopes in a locked desk drawer in the War Ministry.

Early in November President Café Filho, who had tried to stay neutral in the behind-the-scenes struggle, suffered a mild heart attack and went on sick leave. In keeping with the constitution, Chamber of Deputies Speaker Carlos Luz, suspected of *golpista* sympathies, took over as Acting President. On Nov. 10 Luz forced General Lott to resign. Lott's successor, a *golpista* army general, was waiting in the next room.

Early the next morning, army troops in full battle kit swarmed over Rio. During the night General Lott had opened Envelope No. 4. His bloodless "preventive revolution" was a complete success. Congress named Nereu Ramos, presiding offi-

cer of the Senate, as the new Acting President, and voted a state of siege to firm up his government.

Practical Goals. With his inauguration assured, Kubitschek went off on a hurried, three-week airborne tour of the U.S. and Europe, to win friends and stir up foreign interest in Brazil's vast problems and opportunities. The trip also served the useful purpose of gaining added prestige for Kubitschek, and giving Brazilians a chance to catch their breath and reflect on what manner of man they had chosen. Even his supporters are likely to find him something of a novelty. Brazil has had generals, statesmen and intellectuals for Presidents, but never before a businessman type like Juscelino Kubitschek.

The practical economic goals of Kubitschek's term are set forth in a 247-page document drafted in 1955 by Kubitschek and a brain-trust panel headed by Lucas Lopes, a brilliant engineer who bossed the Minas Gerais electric-energy program. To implement the plan, the President will set up, with Lopes as chairman, an Economic Development Committee made up of key administration officials and economic technicians. Kubitschek expects private capital to do most of the development job. "My government will interfere," he says, "only when private enterprise is unwilling or unable to carry out what is indispensable." The program in a Brazil-nutshell:

POWER. Expand electric-power capacity from the present 3,000,000 kilowatts to 5,000,000 by 1960. This is the heart of the program, and will require some \$300 million worth of improved equipment.

TRANSPORTATION. Businesslike operation of the fabulously inefficient government-owned railroads; construction of 6,200 miles of roads; improvement of existing roads. Purchase of 50-odd ships of various tonnages to trim the country's dollar-draining ocean-freight bills.



Piero Saporiti

JÚLIA KUBITSCHKEK
She gave Nonô the will to win.

Food. Build silos, warehouses and refrigerated slaughterhouses (upwards of 25% of the food that Brazilian farms now produce spoils for lack of adequate transport and storage facilities); make more and easier credit available to farmers; promote bigger wheat crops.

MINING & MANUFACTURING. Boost coal production; up iron-ore exports, now 1,600,000 tons a year, to 10,000,000 tons. Promote manufacture of locomotives and heavy machinery; create an auto industry that will produce 100,000 cars, jeeps and trucks a year by 1960.

OIL. Kubitschek is up against Brazilian nationalism, which keeps foreign capital out of oil development. Petrobrás, the government oil monopoly, now gets only 6,500 barrels a day out of the ground, about 3% of consumption. Stuck with Petrobrás, Kubitschek expects to do no better than keep the bill for oil imports, some \$280 million a year, from getting bigger as national consumption goes up.

Dr. Kubitschek's prescription is largely designed to remedy Brazil's foreign-exchange shortage, which ranks with inflation as the nation's most serious economic malady. Even with imports curbed by government controls, Brazil runs up exchange deficits. The two main exports, coffee and cotton, are subject to price tremors. About half of Brazil's export earnings go for debt service, ocean freight, oil and wheat; what is left for machinery, raw materials and all other imports amounts to some \$700 million a year—about \$12 per Brazilian. The shortage of foreign exchange stunts economic growth by holding down Brazil's capacity to service foreign loans and pay for capital goods. The foreign-debt burden is already staggeringly heavy: \$1.7 billion, some \$900 million of it owed to the U.S.

Dizzy Spiral. Kubitschek expects his development program to help cure the inflation sickness by making more goods available. The puzzler here is how to finance the government's share of the program and at the same time slow down the currency presses. In the past few years, the government custom of printing new money to meet budget deficits has kept inflation spiraling dizzily. Retail prices have almost doubled within three years, rising faster than wages. Among Brazilian workers, the resulting sag in real wages has brought on a rancorous discontent.

To make much headway, Kubitschek & Co. will have to attract a lot of foreign capital to Brazil. Again and again during his pre-inauguration tour, Kubitschek stressed that his administration will welcome foreign investment. For the power and transportation sectors of the program, the administration will also need development loans from the U.S. Government. Urgently needed is U.S. aid in refunding Brazil's existing foreign debts so as to lessen the yearly bite. Just at inauguration time, the U.S. Export-Import Bank announced equipment loans totaling \$55 million to Brazilian government-run enterprises; obvious in the timing was Washington's intent to show its good will toward the new administration.



Mozori-Lite

WAR MINISTER LOTT
He opened Envelope No. 4.

Racking Task. Piled atop his economic problems, President Kubitschek has a full share of political worries. Within the armed forces, the "preventive revolution" left resentments strong enough to be troublesome if the government stumbles. Vice President Goulart, powerless under the constitution to do anything more than preside over the Senate, is likely to go his own political way, looking ahead to the 1960 election. Kubitschek is still under suspicion, in Brazil and abroad, of having made some kind of election deal with the Reds; anything he does or says that relates to Communism will be examined for signs that he is paying off a debt. And Brazil's Communists are stirring; they are under orders from Moscow to wage an intensive comeback campaign this year.

The problem of political payoffs proved worrisome to Kubitschek even before his inauguration. In making up his Cabinet, he had to consider the claims of political allies and his need for strong congressional support. What emerged after many hours was a line-up that seemed somewhat oldish and politico-ridden for a new administration with a dynamic program. Snapped Rio's *Correio da Manhã*: "Faced with the choice between a great Cabinet and Congressional majority, Senhor Kubitschek chose the latter." In at least two key Cabinet posts, however, Kubitschek placed his first choices; as Finance Minister, shrewd Federal Deputy José Maria Alkmin, a loyal friend since the telegraph-office days in Belo Horizonte; as War Minister, General Henrique Teixeira Lott.

To keep his campaign promises in spite of all his political and economic harassments will be a racking task even for a President with Juscelino Kubitschek's energy. But he seems confident that he can deliver, just as he did in Minas Gerais. "I take office," he said last week, "with a serene conviction that I can and will be a good President for my country."

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In Panama, **Juan Perón** applied for a permanent-residence permit, added up a \$225 deposit (from the mountain of loot he light-fingered from Argentina's coffers before fleeing) to stand as security against his becoming a public charge.

In Hollywood, Hungarian Charmer **Zsa Zsa Gabor**, thrice-wed (to Turkish Senator Burhan Belge, Hotelman Conrad Hilton, Cinemactor George Sanders), proudly confided: "I have never married a man I didn't like." Then she told how chummy she still is with her three ex-mates. She is working on a movie (*Death of a Scoundrel*) with Sanders, and "he phones me all the time." As for the other two: "Connie Hilton built that hotel of his in Istanbul because of my suggestion. So at least Turkey has a monument of my affection for their Senator."

Gasping and guffawing, Miami playgoers were watching reckless-driving Actress **Tallulah Bankhead** run *A Streetcar Named Desire* completely off its trolley. In the role of beaten, world-weary Blanche Dubois, Tallulah was heartily playing Tallulah. She roared over the boards, always managed to be upstage, downed her on-stage liquor as if it were the real stuff, generally hammed her way through the part in a spirit of riotous deviltry. In the play's climactic scene, where the script calls for Blanche to be set up for a rape by brutish Stanley Kowalski, most viewers feared for poor Kowalski. As *Streetcar's* wild run began, Playwright **Tennessee Williams** had unwarily cooed up to Tallulah in her dressing room (see cut). After catching her first performances, he began



Stan Wayman—Rapho-Guillumette
WILLIAMS & BANKHEAD
In a *Streetcar* off its trolley.

attending a nearby bar. Groaned he into his cups and to all who would listen: "That woman is ruining my play." Later, unable even to bear reports of the nightly spectacle, Williams left town. But, ruinously or not, Tallulah kept packing them into the theater. Next destinations of her wayward *Streetcar*: Palm Beach, then Manhattan's City Center.

Dr. Paul Dudley White, President Eisenhower's civilian heart specialist, sailed from Los Angeles for an ocean rendezvous with some grey whale cows, now calving off the Pacific coast of Lower California.



DR. WHITE (CENTER) & FELLOW HUNTERS
In a dory with an electro-cardiograph on top.

Armed with two electrode-bearing harpoons, Heart Researcher White hoped to spear the cows lightly, chart the pulses of the 50-ft. (maximum) beasts while trailing them in a dory equipped with an electro-cardiograph. Asked about his most important patient, Dr. White assured newsmen: "I'll be on call for the President all the while."

In 1952 Cinemactress **Judy** (*A Star Is Born*) **Garland**, veteran of two broken marriages, a half-hearted suicide try, long sieges of nervous illness, married Agent-Producer Sid Luft. When it seemed that a star had died, Luft resurrected her, put her back on her feet in big-time vaudeville (audiences at Manhattan's Palace and London's Palladium wept on hearing again her old, nostalgic *Over the Rainbow*), catapulted her higher than ever in movies and on TV. But somehow the Luft's rainbow ended in a pot of debts, piled up, according to Luft's friends, because of his unhappy knack of betting on also-ran horses. Last week, after nearly four years of marriage and two children, Judy, 32, sued Luft, 39, for divorce. Grounds: extreme mental cruelty.

Intelligence from Indiana University's Institute for Sex Research: royalties from **Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's** two tomes on the erotic behavior of U.S. males and females declined last year. Gravy from the books was a passionate \$309,079.64 in 1954; a gelid \$3,001.27 last year.

In a commonplace domestic predicament, NBC's Board Chairman **Sylvester** ("Pat") **Weaver** noted that the dress of his wife, ex-Actress Elizabeth Inglis, was entirely unzipped in back, fumbled to rezip her, bungled the job. Tensely whispered Liz: "Why don't you put your arm around me?" Pat Weaver instantly did so. The main reason the incident proved embarrassing was that some 20 million TV fans were watching it on a rival network show, CBS's *Person to Person*.

It was a bleary, boozy morning-after in a Harlem after-hours club. "They were arguing about chicks," reported one jive-talking eyewitness. "One thing led to another and this cat whipped out the difference [i.e., a gat] and started firing away. Everybody ducked for cover and I got so scared I ran up my buddy's back like a window shade." Accused as the cat with the difference: Negro Bistro Singer **Billy** (*That Old Black Magic*) **Daniels**, 40. Daniels, to whom it was "all a blank," was soon free on \$2,500 bond. But the victim, a 33-year-old drifter, slightly wounded in the shoulder, was judged as a material witness, with bail set at \$5,000 (later halved to the amount that sprang Billy). At week's end, Daniels, his local cabaret entertainer's card lifted, hopped off to Hollywood. Before he left, he was asked about rumors of a \$10,000 hush-hush payoff to the cops. Shrugged Billy, who had been knocking down \$10,000 a week at a brassy Manhattan nightclub: "I don't have that kind of money."

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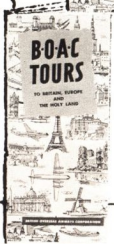


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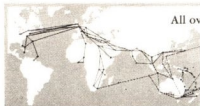
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SCIENCE

Star of Annihilation

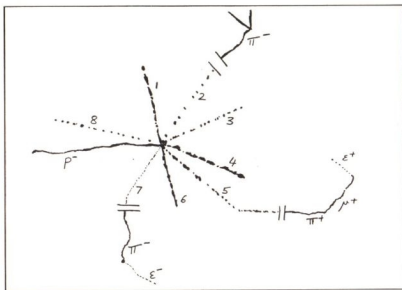
One of physics' most exciting recent discoveries is the anti-proton. It resembles an ordinary proton (present in the nuclei of all atoms), except that its electric charge is negative instead of positive. There may be (but probably are not) places in the universe where anti-protons can exist permanently, but on earth they are short-lived. As soon as one of them touches the nucleus of an ordinary atom, it is annihilated. Both its own matter and the matter of a proton or neutron in the nucleus turn into a flash of energy.

Anti-protons were created last fall by the world's most powerful particle accelerator, the Bevatron, at Berkeley, Calif.,

into 1,876 million electron volts of energy. The resulting explosion—extremely violent on the atomic scale—drives off fast-moving fragments that trace the lines of the star.

Some of the lines (1, 4 and 6) were traced by protons. The rest were made by π mesons: short-lived particles that emerge when a nucleus is disrupted. There must have been neutrons too, but since they have no electric charges, they do not leave tracks in photographic film.

The energy carried away by each particle can be measured by examining closely the track that it made. In this star, the total energy of the visible particles alone adds up to 1,230 million electron volts. Since only 938 million electron volts can



DRAWING OF ANTI-PROTON TRACKS
 P^- equals -2 particles.

but they could be detected only indirectly by a complicated electronic method (TIME, Oct. 31). Scientists wanted to "see" them by one of the more direct methods that they use to make subatomic particles visible. So the Berkeley scientists shot anti-protons from their great machine into a stack of photographic films. Their hope was that they would find microscopic tracks in the films that could be identified as the work of an anti-proton.

At last week's New York meeting of the American Physical Society, Dr. Owen Chamberlain of the University of California showed a drawing of films exposed to anti-protons (see cut).

The wheel-like star tells what happens when one of the alien particles is annihilated. The anti-proton (P^-) enters from the left. It is moving fast at first, but gradually slows down and merges with the nucleus of some unfortunate atom. There it combines with a proton or neutron, and both particles vanish, turning

be released by turning a single particle into energy, more than one particle must have been annihilated. Physicists consider this an elegant proof that anti-protons really perform as theorists many years ago predicted that they would.

Balloons for the Jet Stream

A wily Japanese tactic in World War II was to launch balloons carrying small explosive or incendiary bombs in the hope that they would drift across the Pacific and land in the U.S. Some of them actually did land in the Pacific Northwest, and although they caused almost no damage, they proved that the westerly winds at high altitude are fine balloon carriers. Last week the U.S. Navy was following the Japanese lead by launching balloons of plastic film from Oppama, Japan. Instead of bombs the balloons carried instruments to report weather conditions encountered on their long voyages.

The Navy's balloons are helium-filled and 39 ft. in diameter. Besides their in-

struments they carry a 50-watt battery-powered radio transmitter that broadcasts on three frequencies* and can be monitored and tracked by ground stations.

Each balloon also carries 350 lbs. of iron shot for ballast. The balloon is designed to float at the altitude (about 30,000 ft.) where air pressure is 300 millibars. When it loses buoyancy as helium escapes, an automatic device dumps a little ballast and keeps it from descending. When all the ballast is gone, the balloon eventually sinks, and another automatic device cuts the instrument gondola free and lowers it to earth on a parachute. Instructions on the gondola urge finders to send it to the Navy's research laboratory, but even if the instruments are not recovered, it makes little difference. The balloon will have been tracked all along its flight, and its instruments will have reported faithfully by radio. The main reason for recovering the instruments is to check on any that failed.

The first balloon launched fell in the Pacific near the U.S. West Coast. The second followed a sinuous course, cruising southeast from Japan, passing south of Midway Island, then veering north to pass 900 miles north of Hawaii. It entered the U.S. near the Oregon-California boundary and finally landed near Jackson, Miss. The whole trip (roughly 10,000 miles) took three days and two hours. The balloon's maximum speed when pushed by the high-altitude jet stream was 200 m.p.h. The third balloon cannot be located because of instrument failure, but the next four were launched successfully. When last reported, they were spread out between Japan and north-central Canada.

The Navy does not expect all its balloons to land in the U.S. Many will go down in the Atlantic from Labrador to Cuba. They will range en route as far north as Alaska and as far south as Hawaii. Wherever they wander, they will report winds, temperature and air pressure in regions almost unknown to meteorologists, and will give better understanding of the high-speed winds that dominate the airways where jet liners will soon be flying.

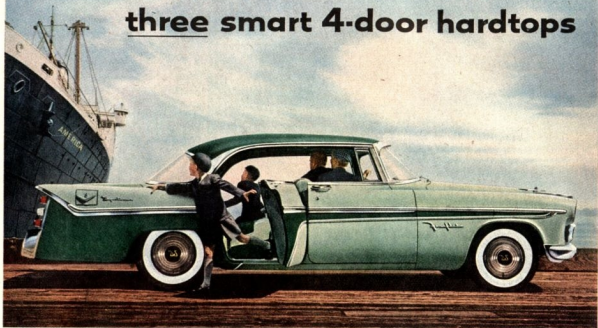
Astronomers at the University of Pennsylvania have another and less direct method for observing winds at high altitude. The twinkling of stars, which so annoys astronomers, is due to turbulence in the atmosphere. Therefore, the twinkling should yield information about the currents that stir up the turbulence, even when they cannot be measured directly in any other way.

Backed by Air Force money, Drs. William M. Protheroe and William Blitstein are recording star-twinkle and comparing its frequency and intensity with winds that are known to be blowing aloft. They hope that when they have gained enough experience, they can look at the stars and tell by their twinkling how the high winds are blowing.

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From this beginning, pineapple grew tremendously in popularity on the mainland. Today it is one of the five most popular fruits consumed in the United States each year.

In fact, more than 99 percent of all Hawaiian pineapple goes into cans made of steel coated with tin.

By using cans, the industry has grown phenomenally. In 1903, for example, the total pineapple pack was 1,893 cases. The 1954-55 pack alone was 17,976,739 cases of pineapple and 14,291,984 cases of pineapple juice.

About 80 percent of pineapple sold in the United States is grown in Hawaii, and the Islands produce about 70 percent of the world's supply. The industry employs thousands. It takes workers in spotless canneries, located near the fields, only 15 minutes to clean, cut and pack pineapple in cans.

Advantages of tin cans

Pineapple—sliced, diced, crushed and in zesty juice form—is only one of many foods from faraway places that are now readily available in all their natural goodness and full flavor whenever we want them . . . thanks to the tin can.

There are, of course, many reasons why the can is the ideal container for a tremendous variety of fruits, vegetables, soups, meat, fish, milk and other foods.

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MUSIC

Singer to Watch

A Manhattan audience last week cheered a young soprano with a red-flaming mane of hair, a statuesque build and a voice of beauty. She was singing concert excerpts from Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier*, with the Symphony of the Air (conducted by Leonard Bernstein) in Carnegie Hall. Her part, the ingenue Sophie, is filled with some of the most ecstatic vocalization ever set on paper, and she followed it with a voice that had the rich but fine-drawn quality of a crystal goblet.

The soprano was Beverly Sills, 25. Some of her friends, who call her "Bubbles,"



Walter Doran

SOPRANO SILLS
No marriage. Career!

have considered her Met material since her first appearance 22 years ago.

Manhattan-born Soprano Sills bowed at the age of three on a kiddie broadcast called *Uncle Bob's Children's Hour*, and even today is not above singing the tune she sang then (*The Wedding of Jack and Jill*). At seven she was performing such coloratura arias as the *Bell Song* from *Lakmé* and *Caro Nome* from *Rigoletto*, and singing them with skill; at twelve she retired for further study, but three years later she was back in harness, ready for the long road ahead.

First came a spell with a Gilbert & Sullivan road show. Then she starred in a coast-to-coast *Merry Widow* company, moved on to a grand opera touring company (63 Micaëlas in *Carmen*, 45 Violetas in *Traviata*), where, before long, she had to learn how to intercept passes from forward tenors without missing a note. For a while, she learned a role a month for TV's *Opera Cameos*, finally hit the big time two seasons ago when she sang Donna Elvira in the San Francisco Opera's

Don Giovanni ("the most exquisitely sung aria of the evening," wrote one critic).

Though she yearned for the Metropolitan, Soprano Sills had to settle for the less prestigious New York City Opera, last fall sang two leading parts there (in *Fledermaus* and *Golden Shippers*). Last month with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company she sang the lead in Montemezzi's *The Love of the Three Kings*, and likes to recall that she literally brought down the house; during her final exit, part of the ceiling collapsed. All that remained was for her to be discovered by a big-time impresario. She was, Luben Vichey, Met basso lately turned concert manager, took her under his wing. "You will have a career, Beverly," he says sternly and prophetically. "No marriage for you. No children. Career!"

Odyssey of Mack the Knife

In Hamburg, Germany, anyone can dial 4166 and hear hit records of the week. Most startling selection: Louis Armstrong playing and croaking a catchy 4/4 time ditty called *Mack the Knife*:

*Oh the shark has pretty teeth dear
And he shows them a-pearly white,
Just a jackknife has Machesth dear
But he keeps it out of sight . . .*

The appearance of this song as an American jazz hit marks the end of a remarkable odyssey: *Mack the Knife*, originally the prologue of Kurt Weill's famed *Threepenny Opera*, was first heard in Berlin 28 years ago. It also marks a remarkable revival, on records, of Kurt Weill's other music—the legacy of a strange, half-angry, half-sentimental genius.

Underdog Snarl. Most of Weill's early opera music was the song of Berlin between the wars, the city that Christopher Isherwood wrote about in the *Berlin Stories*—starvation side by side with luxury, Nazi and Communist bullyboys in the streets, cynicism as heavy as the makeup on the faces of the omnipresent prostitutes. *The Threepenny Opera* echoed that city. Vaguely based on John Gay's 18th century original, the German libretto by Poet Bert Brecht (now a propaganda wheel in East Germany) had a vicious underdog snarl ("First fill our bellies, then talk morality") and magnificent, vulgar humor. Like the rest of the work, *Mack the Knife** was a bitter satire of society and of schmalzy, popular music; it gave a ragtime catalogue of murder, arson and rape.

There are now no less than 17 recorded versions of *Mack the Knife* spinning across the U.S., and most of the horror has gone out of it. U.S. Composer-Author Marc Blitzstein has effectively translated the Berlin slang into American, but as Satchmo growls the words, the listener

* Originally called "Moritat" (literally, a murderous deed), a song style used by 17th and 18th century street-lair singers, who tearfully presented the latest atrocity in ballad form on the streets of Germany.



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is amused rather than chilled by the corpse sinking into the river, weighted down by what Armstrong insists on calling "cece-ments."

Other versions are even farther away from the original. Les Paul (Capitol) gives it a zithery sound, Tito Puente (Victor) a Latin beat, and Billy Vaughn (Dot) features an off-key whistler. But most versions retain the original's deliberately poverty-stricken melody—five of its eight phrases end on the same querulous note.

Vintage Rotgut. For those who want to hear the original version, there is a new *Threepenny Opera* album in German (Vanguard), fascinating largely because it shows how difficult it is for vintage



SINGERS LENYA & ARMSTRONG
Gutter nihilism unreconstructed.

rotgut to travel. The "chamber orchestra" of the august Vienna State Opera bravely buckles down to the hurdy-gurdy score with its plinky-plink banjos, but it is played with excruciating slowness. The star is a charming Viennese nightclub chanteuse named Liane, who sounds less like Polly Peachum than an operetta shop-girl mooning over an archduke. The record does have its high spots, notably the duet between the prostitute Jenny and her pimp. To a wistful tango melody they coo:

We won't forget, wherever we may roam

The dear old whorehouse where we made our home . . .

On a Columbia LP, Lotte Lenya sings *Berlin Theatre Songs by Kurt Weill*; the composer's widow does *Mack the Knife* and other *Threepenny* ditties as they should be done. Fiftyish, and after two years of starring in a successful New York revival of the work, Lotte Lenya still sings with a smoky, strangely appealing quality that always suggests the wail beneath the cynic.

Alabama Mama. The record includes songs from other Weill musicals that are virtually unknown in the U.S., most of



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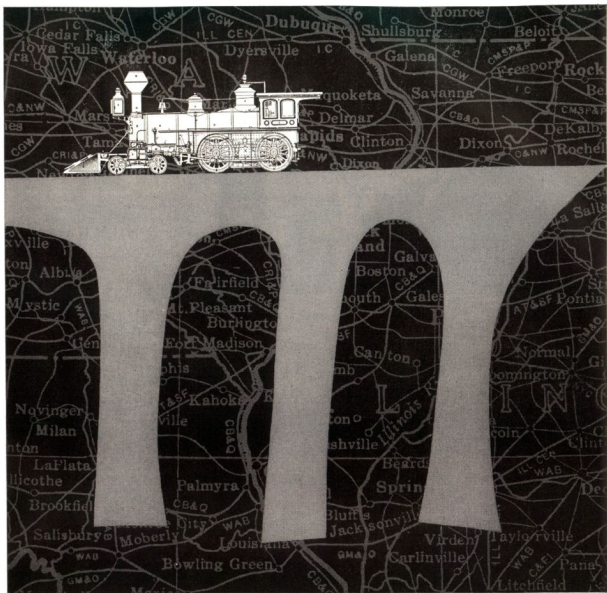
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them close echoes of *Threepenny Opera* tunes. Composer Weill (who died in the U.S. in 1950) grew lyrical, sentimental and popular in such musicals as *Lady in the Dark* and *Lost in the Stars*. But in this album he is still the unreconstructed composer of gutter nihilisms. In one ditty, Singer Lenya is a bitter, jilted girl who snarls at her indifferent lover: "Take that pipe out of your kisser, you dog!" In the chilling *Berlin Requiem* she sings the horrifying vision of a drowned girl whose body is decomposing, limb by limb, as "God gradually forgot her, first her face, then her hands and finally her hair." Funniest for U.S. listeners is a moaning ragtime song written in a German's conception of American English:

*Oh, show us the way to the next
whisky-bar . . .
For if we don't find the next whisky
bar . . .
I tell you we must die—I tell you we
must die . . .*

*Oh! Moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost our good old mama
And must have whisky
Oh, you know why!*

Medea by Barber

A decade ago Samuel (Adagio for Strings) Barber wrote a piece of music for Dancer Martha Graham called *Curse of the Heart*. It dealt with a Medea-like woman whose consuming love turned to hate and revenge; the score followed the choreography closely in mood and motion. Last week Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic-Symphony played Barber's recomposition of the same scenes, called *Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance*. It turned out to be a meatier work for full symphony than as a dance accompaniment, with the same virtues—and the same faults—that have made Barber, 45, one of the most-performed of contemporary American composers.

Among the virtues: a firm command of the orchestra, which produced a vividly mysterious opening figure on the xylophone, and two flutes that appear to bump and separate like a pair of slow-motion dancers. Chief fault: thematic aimlessness. After the promise of those opening bars, the next part of the brief score is limp and weary—a routine expression of Medea's mother love.

Only when the heroine goes into her "dance of vengeance" do things liven up again. At that point Conductor Mitropoulos took over the dancer's role for himself, shrugging one shoulder grotesquely to the syncopated piano rhythm, playing the fingers of his left hand to the spastic tempos. The music got more conventional in texture as it got noisier, but ultimately, sheer noise was sufficient: as the last, clubbing chord thundered out, the Philharmonic's subscribers gasped, and then burst into applause.

Ahead for Composer Barber: a new opera, with a libretto written by his composer-friend, Gian-Carlo (Saint of Bleeker Street) Menotti.

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MEDICINE

VD Comeback

VD rates for the U.S. as a whole have been dropping steadily. But last week three national health organizations reported that in 25 states and 14 major cities syphilis and gonorrhea have increased sharply in 1955. Fifteen states had VD epidemics. Teen-agers now average 200,000 cases a year. Reasons: easy treatment with "wonder drugs" has made people complacent, and Public Health Service anti-VD doctors are now down from 200 in 1946 to 34.

Psychiatry for Industry

The lecturers in the seminar room of the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kans. last week were, naturally, topnotch psychiatrists—Drs. Karl and William Menninger and key members of their staff. The talk was, naturally, about Eros and Thanatos, conscious and preconscious, repression and denial. What was surprising was the student body: 18 men from industry and a woman from a consumers' group. They had two things in common—they were responsible for the personnel policies of their organizations, and they wanted to know how psychology and psychiatry could help them with their problems. Companies represented ranged from giant A. T. & T. through Kraft Foods to the Alma Piston Co. of Alma, Mich.

Explained Dr. Will Menninger: the foundation is deeply interested in industrial psychiatry; there are only three full-time and a handful of part-time psychiatrists in U.S. industry today, though 70% or more of all dismissals are the result of "social incompetence," and only 30% are caused by technical incompetence.

The class plunged promptly, if not deeply, into Freudian theory. Psychiatrist Her-



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"Our records show, Murchison, that you haven't asked for a raise in the last two years. Just what is your little game?"

bert Modlin ticked off basic personality types, and told how to recognize some of the tricks of the unconscious in employees' behavior. Examples: a compulsive, conservative accountant may be reacting against childhood impulses to be dirty and rebellious; an ambitious man may have developed from a passive child, a philanthropist from the bullyboy who tied tin cans to cats' tails; an employee oversuspicious of everybody else's motives may act that way because his own unconscious motives are basically unworthy. A passive and compliant type who will not even ask for a raise may be covering up intolerable aggressions. Dr. Modlin tried to get his students to look at their employees with a diagnostic eye: "If you see a definite change in a worker's personality traits, the assumption is that he's reacting to severe stress . . . It's up to you to find out what it is and try to help him."

Dr. Karl Menninger, author of *Man Against Himself* and a leading devotee of the death-instinct theory (TIME, Dec. 12), spoke of the self-destructive urges which, in his view, make men accident-prone, absence-prone, and likely to court trouble with the boss. The practical businessmen around the table found the idea of a death instinct a tough nut. Some of them also bogged over the immense importance attached by the experts to the preschool years in character formation. In general, however, they lapped up most of the theory, and brought up case histories to match against it. Samples:

¶ The perfectionist worker who procrastinates because he cannot make decisions. The prescription was to put him in a set structure with firm deadlines, clearly defined duties and few decisions.

¶ An otherwise excellent supervisor who spoils his performance by a bullying lack of tact with subordinates. Since his behavior is adolescent, the prescription was to treat him as an adolescent, with firm-

ness and support, and allow him to let off steam against his own superior with no fear of counterattack.

¶ The hot-shot salesman with such a big-shot complex that he can operate only from the most expensive suite in the plushiest hotel, running up astronomical expense accounts. Said Dr. Prescott Thompson: "First, consider whether in his case what makes him a success as a supersalesman might not be the same thing that gives him the big-shot complex. Also, you might ask yourself, 'Am I really objecting to this because of the cost, or because I'm envious and would like to have the same deal?'" The consensus, based on a week's indoctrination in learning to understand others by understanding oneself: let him spend and sell.

Summed up one insurance man: "At other meetings we've always discussed the corporate body—here we've discussed the corporate soul." But before the executives closed their notebooks, Dr. Karl issued a final warning: they should not let themselves be carried away by the *furor therapeutica*, and go home expecting actually to diagnose and treat emotional maladjustments all over the shop.

Watchdogs at Work

¶ The Food & Drug Administration, watchdog of U.S. pantry shelves and medicine chests, announced last week that it had seized a shipment of "Slimettes" dietetic candies because of misleading labeling. They were marked "No salt added" and "No sugar added," yet they had a "substantial" salt content and were high in calories.

¶ The Federal Trade Commission forbade the Hayr Chemical Co. of Newark to claim that its product "Hayr" will grow hair and check baldness. In 90% to 95% of baldness, medical science knows no cure, the FTC ruled, and in the remaining cases, (caused by disease) Hayr would

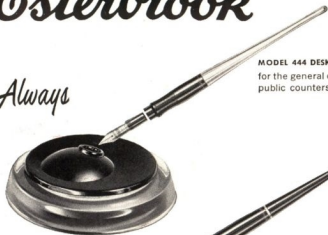


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have no effect. About the only thing it and similar products may accomplish is to grow a crop of lanugo—a colorless fuzz that never turns into true hair.

¶ Nutritionists meeting at New Jersey's Rutgers University worried about the addition of a synthetic form of lysine (an amino acid) in a commercial infant food called Lactofort. The average U.S. child gets enough lysine in an ordinary diet, said New York University's Pediatrician L. Emmett Holt Jr. Too much may be harmful because it causes the body to lose other amino acids (the so-called "building blocks" of flesh and blood).

Patients Diagnose Doctors

The American Medical Association looked in the mirror of a public-opinion poll to see what the U.S. thinks of its doctors. To nobody's surprise, the A.M.A. concluded that doctors stand comfortably high in public esteem.

Only 82% of the 3,000 people polled have a regular family physician, but of those who do, 96% think well of him. Commonest criticisms: he thinks he is always right (23%), he is hard to reach for emergency calls (19%), he keeps patients waiting longer than necessary (15%), and he is not frank enough about their illnesses (15%).

When it comes to physicians other than the regular family doctor, the U.S. public is not so charitable: 66% believe that other people's doctors do not give patients enough time, 46% that they are not frank enough, 43% that they charge too much, 39% that they have too little personal interest in patients. The A.M.A. saves itself with the soothing notion that these harsher judgments of other people's doctors are based on hearsay.

The public proved uncannily accurate in estimating the length of the average doctor's work week (64 hours) and how long he works for nothing (eight hours). The A.M.A.'s pride suffered a rude blow in one respect: only 48% of those polled had ever heard of the outfit, and only one-fifth of these could remember anything (good or bad) about it.

Teeth for Sale

As long ago as George Washington's time, slaves were subjected to tooth pulling so that their masters could get a replacement for a missing tooth. Now Dentist Ernest M. Pafford of Phoenix, Ariz. has carried the idea to its technological conclusion: wisdom teeth and a few front teeth extracted from patients needing whole dentures are tagged for blood type and Rh factor, then preserved indefinitely in a deep-frozen tooth bank. When a tooth is transplanted, it is first held in place by a blood clot in a carefully made socket in the recipient's jaw. Discomfort usually passes off in about 18 hours, and the tooth's tiny blood vessels establish links with the circulation in its new mouth. It can never ache in the ordinary sense, because there is no nerve connection. After about two weeks it is embedded firmly enough to be used for chewing steak.

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WHY WALL STREET JOURNAL READERS LIVE BETTER

By a Subscriber

I work in a large city. Over a period of time I noticed that men who read *The Wall Street Journal* are better dressed, drive better cars, have better homes, and eat in better restaurants.

I said to myself, "Which came first, the hen or the egg? Do they read *The Journal* because they have more money, or do they have more money because they read *The Journal*?"

I started asking discreet questions. I found that men who are well off have to have the information in *The Journal*. And average fellows like me can win advancement and increased incomes by reading *The Journal*.

This story is typical. The *Journal* is a wonderful aid to men making \$7,000 to \$20,000 a year. To assure speedy delivery to you anywhere in the U.S., *The Journal* is printed daily in five cities—New York, Washington, Chicago, Dallas and San Francisco.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$20 a year, but in order to acquaint you with *The Journal*, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for \$6. Just send this ad with check for \$6. Or tell us to bill you. Address: *The Wall Street Journal*, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. TM 2-43

THE THEATER

Old Play in Manhattan

Uncle Vanya (by Anton Chekhov) is off-Broadway's latest good deed. This time, though the playhouse is a tiny one on the lower East Side, the players include Cinemactor Franchot Tone and other Broadway names. Directing *Vanya*, as he earlier did *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard*, David Ross has scrupulously put Chekhov's intentions first: if he sometimes falters with so trickily delicate a play, he oftener succeeds. Chekhov's provincial tale of pathetically muffled chances and comically muddled lives, of a pompous fool for whom better people have toiled and a



Ray Schott

FRANCHOT TONE
Life-stained and life-sized.

shallow woman with whom better men are infatuated, is wonderfully life-sized and life-stained. Compared to *The Three Sisters* or *The Cherry Orchard*, *Vanya* has little resonance or fragrance: it offers flyspecks rather than patina, flatted notes oftener than chords. Chekhov boils down his characters' moral attitudes to reveal personal resentments, and shows the flabbiness of it-might-have-been no less than the pathos. But just because his people exhibit as much needless waste as honest wear in their lives, they are extraordinarily human and central. And because Chekhov was compassionate as well as lynx-eyed, *Vanya* shows how real the hurts can be, however comic the poses and self-pities.

In avoiding the sentimentalized Chekhov of sighs and samovars, this *Vanya* now and then overplays the comic side. But thanks to some good performances, including Actor Tone's, and to Stark Young's sensitive translation, it reveals why Chekhov-type playwrights are still panting to catch up with the master.

TIME, FEBRUARY 13, 1956

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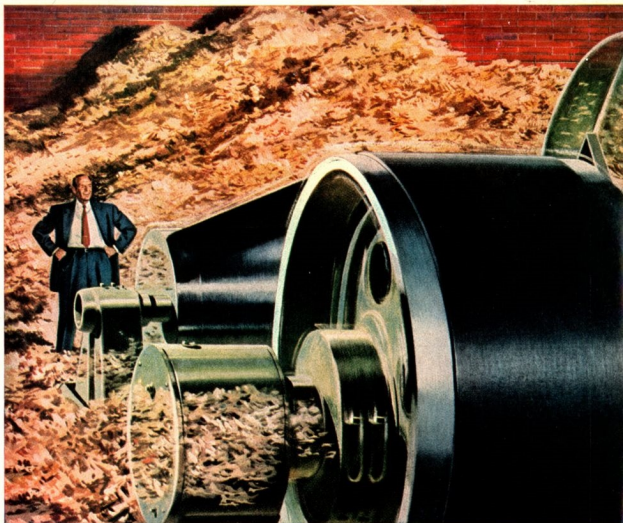
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that's out, what next? Maybe the Purchasing Agent can help.

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EDUCATION

First in Alabama

Wherever 26-year-old Autherine Lucy went on her first day at the University of Alabama last week, a policeman dogged her footsteps. "You get all kinds of assignments," the officer grumbled to a reporter, but there was good reason for this one. Four crosses had already been set on fire on the campus, for Autherine Lucy is a Negro.

She got into the university after a long fight in court. Finally, Federal Judge Harlan Hobart Grooms issued an injunction ordering the university to admit her. Trained by her guard, she reported to her first class, sat alone in the first row, tried

lege, the university did not achieve university status until 1947. It had grown from an uninspiring prewar institution with four small divisions, 1,260 students and 45 buildings to one with 75 buildings, an enrollment of 4,300, schools of agriculture, engineering, nursing, home economics and business administration. But academically, says President Mather, today the University of Massachusetts is doomed to "increasing mediocrity." Reason: it has almost completely lost the power to control the caliber and size of its own faculty.

More Zombies. Since 1954 the university has been struggling inside a strange sort of straitjacket. In an effort to stream-



ALABAMA'S LUCY & FELLOW STUDENTS
"Keep 'Bama White!"

hard not to notice the freshman who stomped out of the room muttering: "For two cents I'd give up the course."

Though Autherine will not be allowed to sleep in any university dormitory or eat in any university dining room, these restrictions are apparently not enough for her fellow students. One night last week, 1,000 marched on the home of President Oliver C. Carmichael shouting, "To hell with Autherine" and "Keep 'Bama White!" Nonetheless, Autherine had chalked up something of a victory. She is the first of her race ever to be admitted into any white public school, college or university in Alabama.

The Straitjacket

When Colorado-born Jean Paul Mather became president of the University of Massachusetts in Amherst two years ago at 39, he knew that he had a problem campus on his hands. Founded in 1863 as the Massachusetts Agricultural Col-

lege, the university did not achieve university status until 1947. It had grown from an uninspiring prewar institution with four small divisions, 1,260 students and 45 buildings to one with 75 buildings, an enrollment of 4,300, schools of agriculture, engineering, nursing, home economics and business administration. But academically, says President Mather, today the University of Massachusetts is doomed to "increasing mediocrity." Reason: it has almost completely lost the power to control the caliber and size of its own faculty.

In hiring a full professor, Mather can offer him no more than \$6,180. At the end of twelve years, the professor automatically reaches a final salary of \$7,680, but the Division of Personnel and Standardization bars merit raises. When the professor dies, the division is apt to downgrade his post to an associate professorship, thus making proper replacement even more difficult than it would be



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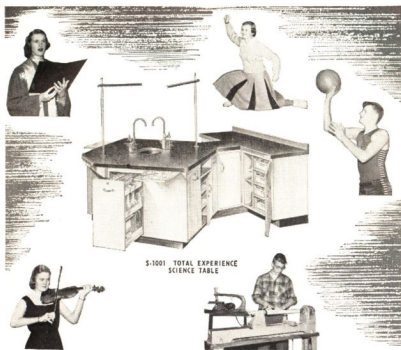
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(Fifth of a series of informative columns on modern business air travel)



Which one is the Future Scientist?

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normally. "If the librarian requires top-level professional assistants," says Mather, "he will be told by the division that he cannot have them because the mental hospitals do not have assistants in their libraries. When a professorship becomes vacant in the history department, and we want to use the money for that professorship to improve the geology department, we cannot do so if the division does not approve. And usually it doesn't."

Rotted Crop. In 1950 the division made a six-week survey of the university, promptly "flagged" (i.e., marked for elimination or downgrading) one out of ten university posts. In spite of the campus' growth, the division still stands by that 1950 report. Once, when Mather appealed for extra hands to help with the school of agriculture's bumper crop, the division said no. The crop rotted, and at considerable expense the university had to buy its food on the open market. All in all, the setup has been so suffocating that the Phi Beta Kappa senate has refused to charter a university chapter.

This week President Mather will argue his case before the legislators now considering a bill that would set his campus free. But since many legislators fear that this "freedom bill" would set a precedent for other state agencies, Mather knows he will have a tough fight. Nevertheless, he has been willing to travel 2,000 miles a month to get public opinion behind him, for the freedom bill, says he, is the university's only hope. "This is not a contention, not a controversy, and not a conspiracy. This is a crusade."

Missing: The Common Core

U.S. colleges have made it almost a habit to berate the U.S. secondary school for the quality of student it sends them. This week, in his annual report, Dean William Warren of the Columbia University School of Law turned the tables on the colleges. "We are entitled," he wrote, "to expect that the college graduate be able to read argumentative or expository prose swiftly, comprehendingly, and tentatively; that he be able to express himself in speech and writing grammatically, literately, and precisely; that he has learned the basic lesson of using a dictionary. But we have found that few of our entering students, however carefully selected, possess these skills to the extent needed for law study."

"What is scarcely less disturbing is that there is in this group no common core of knowledge that should be in the firm and quiet possession of every person who lays claim to a liberal education . . . a knowledge of American history, of American Government, and of the structure and working of our economy." In one entering class only 49% had had any course in American political history above the freshman level; only 30% had had any sort of course in English history.

"These percentages are depressing to contemplate . . . The absence of a common core of knowledge . . . is still further underlined by the fact that 20% of this class had had no college course in Amer-



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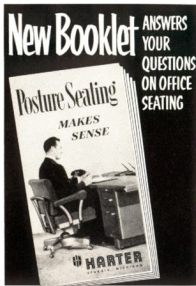
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ican Government and none in economics. A further 20% admitted to no college course in English composition. Any encouragement one might derive from the robust percentages of those who had received training in writing is shattered when one actually encounters in mass the written work of law students. Even the most tolerant of critics will concede that whatever be the arts of which the students are bachelors, writing is not one of them."

A Man Who Hated Whimsy

"If I write anything less realistic, less straightforward than 'the cat sat on the mat,'" A. A. Milne (rhymes with kiln) once complained, "I am [called] whimsical." To Alan Alexander Milne, whimsical was the most "loathsome adjective," but it was one that he could never escape. No matter how many adult plays and novels he wrote, he was forever the biographer of Christopher Robin and Winnie-the-Pooh. On starting one of his children's books, Critic Dorothy Parker once reported that on page five "Tonstant Weader frowed up." Milne's other readers had an entirely different reaction—and they could be counted in the millions.

The third and youngest son of a London schoolmaster, Milne remained throughout his life fascinated by childhood. "When I read the biography of a well-known man," he wrote, "I find that it is the first half of it which holds my attention." His own childhood was unusually happy. He knew how to read at two, was confident that his parents loved him, learned his first smatterings of science from an awkward young teacher named H. G. Wells. Though he had trouble with Greek, he breezed into spartan Westminster School, and in spite of the fact that there was not a single bath in the place ("It was enough that it was built by Christopher Wren"), he enjoyed himself thoroughly. He went on to Cambridge and to the fulfillment of his first literary ambition: the editorship of the undergraduate *Granta*.

What's My Line? After graduation, his father made up his mind that A. A. should be a schoolmaster, for he "was convinced now that I was not good enough for the Civil Service." But Milne had already decided to become a writer. He took the £300 coming to him and moved into his own flat.

Though he managed to sell a few articles to *Punch*, his first book, *Lovers in London*, received such notices as: "The only readable part of this book is the title." Milne became an assistant editor of *Punch*, got married, and while serving as a signaling officer in World War I, wrote a play called *Hurzel-Flummery*. By 1923, he found himself a success. Then one day the lady editor of a new children's magazine asked him to write some verses. "I said that I didn't and couldn't, it wasn't in my line." As it turned out, it was.

Heffalumps & Wallaboos. The verses and stories that were to be *When We Were Very Young*, *Now We Are Six*, *Winnie-the-Pooh* and *The House at Pooh Corner*, were based on the doings of his



Yvonne Gregory

AUTHOR MILNE & SON (1932)

He didn't and couldn't but he did.

three-year-old son, Christopher Robin Milne,* who insisted on calling himself Billy Moon. As Christopher Robin, Billy eventually became a fixture in thousands of nurseries in England and the U.S. If he went to the zoo or to see the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, his father put it all into rhyme. Even his evening prayers ("Oh! God Bless Daddy—I quite forgot") and the tantrums of his little friends ("What is the matter with Mary Jane?") worked their way into the repertoire of mothers, nannies and children on both sides of the Atlantic. Billy's stuffed animals came to life as Pooh, Piglet, Tiger, Eeyore, Kanga and Roo. As if these animals were not enough, Milne invented some others, e.g., the Heffalump and "a sort of a something which is called a wallaboo."

A reserved, debonaire man with "one wife, one son, one house, one recreation—golf," A. A. Milne tried in vain to make the playwright and the novelist keep up with the author of *Winnie-the-Pooh*. He insisted that he did not even like children very much, that they had become merely "an obsession with me." His obsession sold more than 2,500,000 copies in the U.S. alone, brought him a fortune in royalties from records, toys, stationery, pop-up books. Last week, when he died at 74, the books that he had written so lightheartedly had become nursery classics. In the closing words of his last children's book, A. A. Milne unintentionally summed up his own claim to immortality. "Wherever they go," he said of Pooh and Christopher Robin, "and whatever happens to them on the way, in that enchanted place on the top of the Forest, a little boy and his Bear will always be playing."

* A graduate of Cambridge and a World War II veteran, Christopher Robin, now 35, owns a bookshop in Dartmouth, England.

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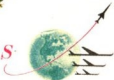
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Associated Press

The mothers had something to cheer about.

The Saving Skates

By any system of scoring, Russia ran off with the seventh Winter Olympics. In the unofficial arithmetic of sideline experts, the Soviets won with 121 points. Second: Austria, 78½; third: Finland, 66½. But strangely, it was a group of grim and driving U.S. females known in Cortina as "the Skating Mothers" who had the most to cheer about. Like mothers of most virtuosos, they drove their children hard, with fierce jealousy of their rivals. "They look like women who were born 150 years too late," said one newsmen. "Otherwise, they would have been shouldering Madame Defarge away from her front seat at the guillotine." But the fierce ambition of the Skating Mothers paid off. In the midst of defeat in other events, the U.S. could still savor its pride with the liling skill of Tenley Albright and Hayes Alan Jenkins, of Ronald Robertson and Carol Heiss, the spectacular figure skaters who swept past all opposition.

The precise and polished performance of World Champion Jenkins gave the U.S. its first gold medal. No sooner had the strains of *The Star-Spangled Banner* faded away than the Colorado stylist was all but forgotten. Accompanied only by his proud mother and his brother David (who finished third, behind California's Robertson), he hiked back through bitter cold to his hotel. No one had thought to send a car. Now everyone was worried about honey-haired Tenley Albright, the hard-luck kid from Newton, Mass. Only two weeks before, she had gashed her right ankle in a practice accident.

But Tenley Albright thrives on trouble. She started skating in the first place to speed her recovery from childhood polio. Poised and sure in her dark rose sweater, red flowers bright against her bobbed blonde hair, she swung into her free-skating routine. Gliding to the beat of a bright Offenbach medley, she picked up speed and leaped into a stag (a twisting jump in which the skater takes off back-

wards, turns, and sails forward, back arched and trailing leg extended).

Moving as if her leg had never been hurt, Tenley whirled through her complicated routine. Axels, splits, cross-foot spins were all combined in a daring dance. Only once did her bad ankle seem to buckle, but she recovered quickly. Judges gave her an almost perfect score.

Closest competition came from Long Island's Carol Heiss, 16. Blonde pony tail flying, she missed out by the narrowest of margins in the rigid requirements of school figures. "We call her the bridesmaid," said Carol's disappointed mother. "Always second to Tenley."



United Press

OLYMPICS HERO SAILER
Snow in his veins, sense in his feet.

Dashing Skis

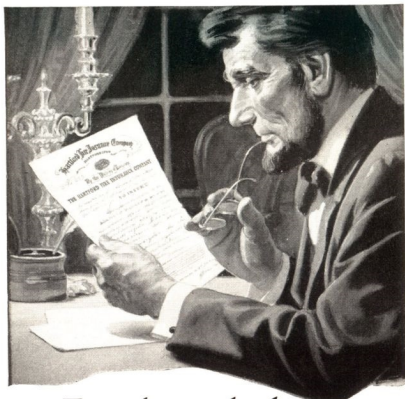
Only the dashing skill of the Scandinavians, Swiss and Austrians in the skiing events kept Russia's team lead as low as it was. More than any other single competitor, Austria's Anton ("Toni") Sailer held back the new giants of winter sport. Cortina's only three-time gold-medal winner (giant slalom, slalom and downhill), handsome Toni Sailer was the undisputed hero of the Winter Olympics. Thousands of his countrymen crossed the border to watch him schuss to victory, his well-known white cap topped with streamers, his bright white smile gleaming under dark goggles. His quick reactions to trail conditions underfoot were what set him apart from other top skiers. "He feels the snow through his skis," they said. "I have snow in my veins," said Toni.

For all Toni's skill, days before the games ended the Russians were far enough in front to throw a victory party. All the medals they had won were re-awarded by the Soviet National Health and Sports Commissar. Winners also got appropriately inscribed chocolate cakes. Later, there were still more medals, still more cakes for the Russian hockey team, which provided the last big surprise by beating Canada 2-0 to take the Olympic title.

The Coach Speaks Out

Even at the University of Washington, where coaches get fired faster than French Premiers, the dismissal of Football Coach "Cowboy" Johnny Cherbeg was an unpleasant surprise. Others, sent packing after fairly successful seasons, and rudely needed by students and "downtown" alumni, had kept their peace. The difference this time: Johnny Cherbeg talked back. Loudly and clearly last week, he accused university authorities of condoning a football scandal.

Too Strict for Girls. The reason Cherbeg was disliked by a lot of people at Washington was made clear by some of his players, who had signed a petition



For the only home he ever owned ...Lincoln chose this Hartford policy

It is the first week of February, 1861. Abraham Lincoln is winding up his affairs in Springfield, Illinois. Next Monday morning he begins the trip to Washington, where he is to be inaugurated as sixteenth President of the United States.

Mr. Lincoln has just said goodbye to a visitor. The man was James L. Hill, local agent of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, who has left with Mr. Lincoln the insurance policy which protects the only home he has ever owned.

At Mr. Lincoln's request, Jim Hill had made a thorough inspection of the property only a few days before. He noted the construction of the

buildings . . . measured their dimensions and the distances between them. Then he drew up a policy for the President-elect—and delivered it.

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asking for his release. The coach, they said, was too strict: he would not let them ride home from games with their girls; he yelled at them; he would not let them whistle in the dressing room or chew grass; he made them sit erect on the bench. Citing a list of such complaints, four promising freshmen quit the University (enrollment 30,000) to solicit offers elsewhere. After an investigation by University Vice President H. P. Everest, Cherberg was rehired for 1956. Then, last month, he was fired.

The cards were stacked against him, said Cherberg, from the first game of the 1955 season. While beating Idaho, 14-7, Cherberg's Huskies set a conference record of eleven fumbles. Only after watching movies of the game did Cherberg discover that his backfield coach, Jim Sutherland, had changed the center's snapping signal, while keeping the information secret from the rest of the team.

"I wanted to fire Sutherland immediately," said Cherberg. "[Athletic Director] Harvey Cassill told me to wait." While he waited, Sutherland went out of his way to sympathize with rebellious players, "said things would be different if he were head coach." Fired at last, Sutherland promptly landed a job as head coach at Washington State College, the Huskies' archrival.

Too Corrupt for Kids. Dissension was kept alive on his squad, said Cherberg in newspaper interviews and a televised speech last week, "by threats to players that they would be cut off from outside aid if they joined me . . . A player loyal to me was offered a \$50 a month deal from a downtown source to join the movement against me."

Some players were, in fact, getting far more aid than conference rules allow. Source of their incomes: a downtown "slush fund" administered by Washington's most energetic alumnus, Roscoe C. ("Torchy") Torrance, a printing-company executive and concessionaire. Contributions from Husky rooters fleshed out the fund, but last year its biggest boost came from a \$26,000 slice of the take from a pro football game staged in the university's stadium. With capital sometimes as high as \$75,000, Torchy was able to slip grateful athletes fat checks. Out of the fund came the price of plane tickets home, vacations for wives, the cost of a car when a player needed one. When the revolt broke, however, pro-Cherberg squad members suddenly found their mailboxes empty of checks. "Players," said Johnny, "had to look in two directions: one for favors, one for coaching."

At week's end Washington Secretary of State Earl Coe demanded that Governor Arthur B. Langlie fire Cassill and Everest, and investigate the strange silence of University President Henry Schmitz (who last year banned Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer from the Washington campus). Cowboy Cherberg kept talking: "The filthiest thing in the world is to corrupt young Americans with dough. I may never coach again, but God willing, I'm not going to let them corrupt any more kids."

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ART



MARK TOBEY'S "TRANSIT" (1948)

The Age of Experiment

Oswald Spengler, that grand and gloomy chronicler of *The Decline of the West*, once remarked that Edouard Manet (1832-83) was the last gasp of great Western painting. What Spengler failed to see was that Manet was not an end but a beginning. With a single picture, displayed at the Paris Salon of 1865, Manet fueled an artistic revolution that has shaped the course of modern art, for better or for worse, for nearly a century. At the core of the whole hurly-burly that rages through the art world today is the artistic proposition raised by Manet's saucy nude *Olympia*.

Naked Point. When Manet sent his picture to the Salon, the model's nakedness was what seemed to shock the public. But the nakedness of the painting itself was what shocked Manet's fellow artists. Instead of presenting a suitably posed, blurred and idealized nude to the

public gaze, Manet presented something like truth in the form of a naked French girl, nakedly translated into so many square inches of paint on canvas. As a straight representation of a scene, *Olympia* is obvious and commonplace. But as a composition in form and color, it is a masterpiece. With Manet, contemporary artists regained an all but forgotten viewpoint: that a picture can mean more than it represents, that a picture is an object to be judged by itself and not as a reference to something else.

This viewpoint holds for all the great French masters from Manet to Picasso, and still carries dynamite. It gives the artist the prerogative of subordinating the subject of his picture to the painting itself. It also opens the door to distortion and abstraction—the twin angels, or demons, of modern painting.

The Big Parade. In the U.S., the parade included the eight artists shown on this and the following pages. The U.S.

pioneers all employed varying degrees of distortion and/or abstraction. But their similarity stops right there. Seeing the contrasts in their art, few would take them for countrymen, let alone contemporaries. Tobey's *Transit*, for example, relates to no objective visual experience at all, unless it be that of images swimming in the tight-shut eye. Hartley's *German Officer* deals with a mood, not a visual image. Davis' *Eggbeater* beats the eggbeater into unrecognizable shape. Hofmann's *Red Trickle* celebrates an activity rather than a perception. Dove's *Abstraction* is a generalization of nature, flat yet elusive. Feininger's *Gelmeroda* multiplies and rearranges what he saw to create an altogether new equation. O'Keeffe's *From the Plains* is emotion reduced to pattern, and Sheeler's *Golden Gate* distills design from objective reality.

¶ **Mark Tobey**, 65, began his painting career by copying *Satevepost* covers, tried painting lamps, then moved to the Northwest and took up art teaching. A trip to China in 1934 turned Tobey from a follower into a force. Learning that Oriental art started with calligraphy, he has ever since been making determined stabs in the direction of ending Occidental art the same way. Tobey is today revered and reviled as the inventor of something called "white writing." Tobey's writing is, of course, quite illegible. Cast in loose, delicate swirls, it can soothe the restless eye as much as it may irritate the serene mind. *Transit* (at left) is a typical example. Speaking of such earnest, miasmal efforts, Tobey explains that "multiple space bounded by involved white lines symbolizes higher states of consciousness."

¶ **Marsden Hartley** (1877-1943) liked to call himself "the painter from Maine." But he traveled considerably in Europe, appraised its art with a shrewd Yankee eye. Hartley was the first American to grasp the power of German expressionism, immediately adapted the experiments of Wassily Kandinsky and Franz Marc to his own ends. His *German Officer* (opposite) is as tumultuous as anything painted before World War II, though not so bold as today's abstract expressionism.

Curiously enough, Hartley came to renounce expressionist painting. "Underlying all sensible works of art," he wrote in 1928, "there must be somewhere in evidence the particular problem understood. I would rather be sure that I had

THE LOUVRE



MANET'S "OLYMPIA"



"PORTRAIT OF A GERMAN OFFICER"

Marsden Hartley, a solitary Yankee, visited Germany in 1914, painted this abstract portrait then and there. Inspired by the emo-

tional display of German expressionism, the canvas also pointed ahead to the abstract expressionism of mid-century Manhattan.



COLLECTION WILLIAM H. LANE FOUNDATION

"EGGBEATER No. 3"

Stuart Davis, 61, grimly determined to become, as he says, a "modern" painter, nailed an electric fan, a rubber glove and an eggbeater to a table in 1927, painted nothing else for a year.



MORTE GALLERY

"RED TRICKLE"

Hans Hofmann, 75, the dean of abstract expressionism, first used the trickle technique (which Jackson Pollock later developed along torrential lines) when he made this carefree watercolor in 1939.

"ABSTRACTION No. 2"

Arthur Dove was the first of the pioneers in all-out abstractionism, finished this painting as part of a group of six abstractions in 1910. With it he crossed a new frontier of art, beating out Europe's famed Wassily Kandinsky by just a year.



DOWNTOWN GALLERY

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM



"GELMERODA No. 4"

Lyonel Feininger, who left Manhattan for Germany in 1887 and stayed until 1936, was a comic-strip artist and a violinist before becoming a maker of cool, cubistic abstractions. He painted the German village of Gelmeroda in 1915.



ARTIST: O'KEEFE

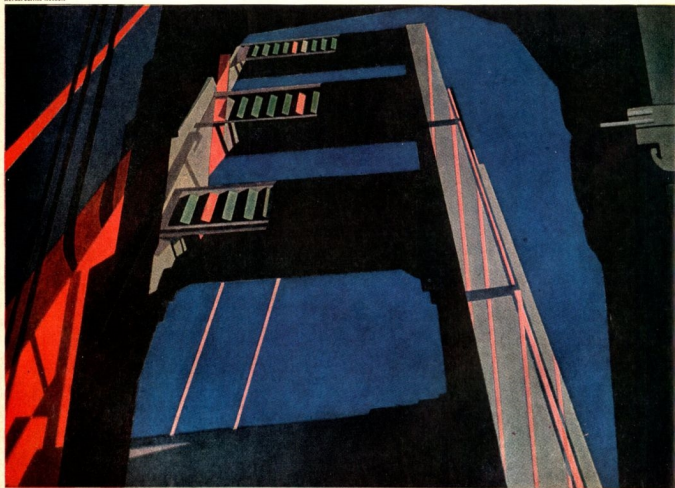
"FROM THE PLAINS No. 1"

Georgia O'Keeffe painted this simmering, austere canvas in 1953, at the age of 66. She has always kept her semi-abstract art close to the vast and various spirit of the U.S. landscape.

"GOLDEN GATE"

Charles Sheeler, 72, painted the Golden Gate Bridge last year after a trip to San Francisco. He does not abstract reality so much as refine it to the point of utmost purity and power.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM



ALFREDO VALENTE



HARTLEY

ROY STEVENS



SHEELER

ANDREAS FEININGER—LIFE



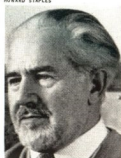
FEININGER

ALFRED STIEGLITZ



DOVE

HOWARD STAPLES



TOBEY

placed two colors in true relationship to each other than to have exposed a wealth of emotionalism gone wrong in the name of richness of personal expression." Hartley's chief fame now rests on the cool, blunt, composed, deliberate Maine landscapes that occupied his last years.

¶ **Stuart Davis**, 61, started as a pupil of Robert Henri, founder of the famed "Ashcan School." While obeying Henri's injunction to go out and paint what he saw on the streets, Davis found that his eye was particularly taken by the hard, jazzy, garish, kaleidoscopic aspects of city life. The Armory Show of 1913, in which modern European art first burst upon America, introduced Davis to abstractionism, and in 1927 he clamped onto it for good. He nailed an eggbeater, a rubber glove and an electric fan to a table and painted them over and over. "Through this concentration," he explains, "I focused on the logical elements. The result was the elimination of a number of particularized optical truths which I had formerly concerned myself with." Davis' *Eggbeater No. 3* is clearly free of optical truths. Moreover, it is clean, sharp and surprising in design—three qualities that are typical of Davis' art.

¶ **Hans Hofmann**, 75, was trained as an academic painter in Germany, later chummed with Paris' cubists. He made his name as a teacher, opened his own art school in Manhattan in 1934. Five years later he produced *Red Trickle*, which Dealer Sam Kootz calls the first application of the drip technique to painting. His art and thought have done as much as any man's to shape today's abstract expressionism, though never did an elderly, experienced and serious-minded teacher manage to seem so untought.

¶ **Arthur Dove** (1880-1946) was a magazine illustrator who saved his money for a pilgrimage to Paris in 1907. What he saw of the *Fauves* and cubists caused him to put off artistic facility and take on a lonely, lifetime mission. Dove returned to the U.S. and joined the stable of Photographer-Dealer Alfred Stieglitz, the first man in America to back modern art. Dove, painting on a Connecticut farm, soon earned a first of his own; he was the first to dispense altogether with representation. Yet

Abstraction No. 2, done in 1910, is imbued with the qualities of nature. Few representational landscapes carry more sense of sun and shade, stone and tree.

¶ **Lyonel Feininger** (1871-1956), like most modern pioneers, matured slowly, did not find his own way as an artist until he was past 40. Although he spent more than half of his life in Germany, his painting owes little to German expressionism. Its technique is borrowed from Paris cubism; its architectonic spirit relates to Gothic churches and Bach fugues; its cool severity seems a personal reflection of modern engineering. Says U.C.L.A. Art Gallery Director Frederick Wight: Feininger "unlearned the last century's concept of [space as] a three-dimensional void. Instead, he gradually makes a clearing around the object through a series of projections. Feininger's object—which he begins—grows outward; it grows as a crystal grows, organizing space according to its own nature."

¶ **Georgia O'Keeffe**, 68, is an austere daughter of the American prairie and, next to Mary Cassatt, the best woman painter that the U.S. has produced. After working at commercial art in Chicago and teaching in Texas, O'Keeffe one day locked herself in a room and "held a private exhibition of everything I had painted. I noticed which paintings had been influenced by this painter, which by that one. Then I determined which . . . represented me alone. From that moment forward, I knew exactly what kind of work I wanted to do."

What O'Keeffe wanted to do included huge bee's-eye views of blossoms, asphalt cityscapes, white skulls and pelvis set against hard blue Southwestern skies, and—late—such stark, sun-filled abstractions as *From the Plains*. Under the sheltering cape of Alfred Stieglitz, whom she

married, O'Keeffe developed a diamond-hard pride and a head-on style. Both helped her become one of the strongest, though not deepest, individualists in American painting.

¶ **Charles Sheeler**, 72, learned painting from a flamboyant academician named William Merritt Chase, relearned it from looking at Piero della Francesca's art and practicing photography. Piero taught him that art needs no gestures, that it can be pure, precise and silent as a frozen birdbath and still live forever. Photography taught him, as he says, that "light is the great designer." He developed a "growing belief that pictures realistically conceived might have an underlying abstract structure." That belief did not become a certainty until middle age; once arrived at, it led him to do great things.

A spry, wry, spindly man who is at once gentle and unyielding, diffident and daring, Sheeler is a splendid paradox in American art. Neither realists nor abstractionists can claim him, for he merges their domains. More successfully, perhaps, than any other painter, he provides a steady look through highly polished spectacles at the works of modern man.

The Middle Ground. Do the results of the experimental pioneers justify their vast efforts? Modern art being as resolutely individual as it is, the answers are likely to be almost as numerous as the audience. Some see in it a new and vital means of human expression; others, while granting the decorative merits of the moderns, argue that they fail in the essential function of any art form: to communicate from artist to audience.

But now, compared to their younger contemporaries (who will be shown in *TIME* next week), the earlier generation is beginning to find a middle ground. With the shock value of their experiments wearing off, they are seen to be merely transitions to still newer (though not necessarily better) ways of painting. Their art wins a surprising amount of praise, though no large body of critics will yet agree that any one of them is a "master." Mastery, of course, has nothing to do with trends or experiments, only with individual achievement. Every master in the history of art stands alone on the rock of his own time.

TOMMY WEEB



DAVIS

GEORGE DANIEL



O'KEEFE

WALTER DARR



HOFMANN

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THE PRESS

Freedom of the Lens

Press photographers, who have long been barred from most U.S. courtrooms,* are now clamoring to get inside. They argue that small cameras, faster film that needs no flashbulbs, and quieter shutters have outmoded the legal view that photography would distract witnesses and degrade the court. Last week the photographers showed some persuasive proof.

In an experiment, unprecedented in Pennsylvania, photographers were admitted to the Philadelphia court where

respect shown to the court. I feel that a photographer is exactly the same as a reporter, and should be extended the same privileges. A picture is as important as a story—sometimes more important because it could possibly be more accurate than a verbal description of a scene."

In Denver, the Colorado Supreme Court began a hearing to decide whether photographers should be admitted to state courts. While newsmen and photographers argued their case, some 500 pictures and 200 ft. of movie film were taken in two



Frank B. Johnston, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*—U.P.
DEFENDANT SILVER & HUSBAND IN COURTROOM PICTURE
The photographers proved their case.

Mrs. Gertrude Silver, Bartender Milton Schwartz and his wife Rosalie admitted their guilt in the abortion death of Mrs. Silver's 22-year-old daughter, Mrs. Doris Oestreicher. When sentences were pronounced (a suspended sentence for Mrs. Silver, eleven to 22 months for the Schwartzes), photographers were able to catch the crying, distraught Mrs. Silver and her husband in vivid pictures (see cut).

Judge Vincent A. Carroll set simple rules for the experiment. The *Philadelphia Inquirer's* Frank B. Johnston, Charles Myers of *Philadelphia's News*, and Dominic Ligato of the *Bulletin* were assigned seats at the press table but forbidden to stand, leave their seats or use flashbulbs. Using 35-mm. cameras, they made about 565 shots, completely won the approval of Judge Carroll: "The photographers didn't interfere with the conduct of the trial as much as coughing in the spectator section of the courtroom did. There was no dis-

days without distracting anyone. At one point, Justice O. Otto Moore was surprised to learn that a photographer on the witness stand was taking movies with a camera resting in his lap. The judge ordered the photographer to approach, then said: "I could not hear the camera until it was only three feet away." Though a decision will be made later, Justice Moore said: "I'm overwhelmed."

Stranger in Church

Religion Editor Adon Taft of the *Miami Herald* (circ. 225,169) is an earnest Baptist who goes to church twice every Sunday—once to worship, and once to report on a new congregation in his column, "A Stranger in Church." Last week, obeying his instincts as both believer and newsmen, Taft was working to expose the tent-show evangelism of a faith healer.

The first night Taft attended the tent show of the Rev. Jack Coe of Dallas, who has been drawing 6,000 Miami residents nightly, he saw no healing efforts, wrote a tolerantly favorable story. But the next night he witnessed some "cures"—and started digging. On the *Herald's* front page he showed that there had been no real

* Although many courtroom doors were shut to them earlier, the American Bar Association in 1937 made an anti-photography ruling which has been widely followed, written into the law of 14 states.

Wausau Story

It began in Wausau, Wisconsin, 45 years ago...when a group of lumbermen joined to pay the claims of injured saw-mill workers. Today the company they started—Employers Mutuals—is doing business "the Wausau Way" in all 48 states.



"Meet John E. McKeen. He's president of New York's Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc.—makers of chemicals and pharmaceuticals—an Employers Mutuals' policyholder since 1946. Interesting to think that this company, one of the world's leading producers of the new wonder drugs, is also performing a few wonders of its own on the production lines. Pfizer has a record of only 1.44

lost-time accidents per million man-hours worked compared with 4.12 for the industry. Mr. McKeen says: 'Employers Mutuals has a refreshing approach towards plant safety. They do everything possible to help us reduce accidents, and thus contribute to the over-all morale in our plants, improve our efficiency and lower our insurance costs.'"

There's a bit of Wausau on the sidewalks of New York



as told by JIMMY JEMAL
Reporter-Photographer,
New York Daily News

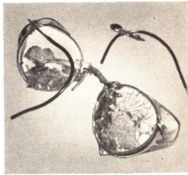
"All I know about Wausau, city of ski hills and industry, good fishing and good people, is what friends have told me—and what I've read in the 'Wausau Story' ads. But I have a very clear impression: Wausau people do what they say they'll do. They have a wonderful sort of straight-forwardness born out of lumbering days and North Woods living.

"I met many interesting examples of this 'Wausau personality' here in New York. People who really take extra care and time to do a job right, like the two Employers Mutuals engineers who, on their own, worked for months to develop a special testing machine. You can read about others here, too."

Employers Mutuals writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance (including automobile), and is one of the very largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative, or call us in Wisconsin, Wausau 2-1112.



How fast do you react to danger? "This ingenious machine would quickly tell you. It measures visual ability, foot reaction, sensitivity to headlight glare, etc., among the drivers of more than 50 fleets of trucks in the New York area. Such a machine didn't exist until a few years ago when two Employers Mutuals engineers, Harry Beyerman (left) and Charles Ehrhart developed the original model in a home workshop. In order to conduct tests at the ideal time, these two are often up at dawn working at truck terminals."

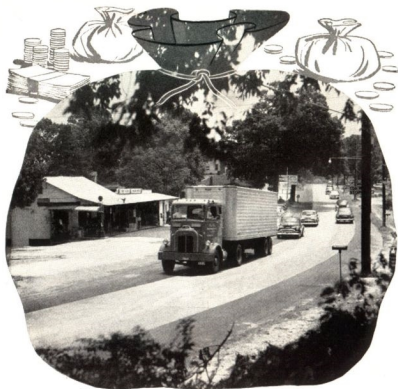


Seeing is believing. "Pop! A shower of molten metal, 1800°F. flew toward his face. But the man working in the die-casting division of a New York plant was saved from blindness because he was wearing these special safety glasses. The lenses stopped the metal. Hundreds of plants have been able to reduce eye injuries thru safety glasses programs, set up with the help and encouragement of Employers Mutuals Accident Prevention people. They really live up to their word—'we'd rather prevent than just pay for an accident.'"

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



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You're looking at Bankhead Highway (U.S. 78), an old concrete road in Fulton County, Ga. This road, built in 1916, has served taxpayers in the area with amazing economy ever since.

Since 1916 Bankhead Highway has carried more and more traffic, heavier and heavier loads. The average daily traffic on this section now is 7000 vehicles—1/3 of them commercial.

Traffic loads like this are far more than the pavement was designed to bear. And the service life has been longer than was expected. By modern standards this road is inadequate. Yet it goes right on carrying this extra traffic with very little maintenance expense, while other types of pavement have been rebuilt or resurfaced many times.

Hundreds of miles of concrete roads built decades ago match the performance of Bankhead Highway. They long ago earned their cost and keep in the gas taxes and license fees that motorists pay to use them—and they're not through earning yet!

By continuing to earn annual bonuses for motorists, these old, durable concrete roads help pay for today's new highways. And the concrete roads constructed today promise to deliver even greater bonuses because they can be built to last twice as long.

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changes in the physical conditions of Mi-
amians the revivalist had claimed to cure.
Taft found, for example, that a crippled
woman who had ostentatiously flung aside
a pair of crutches had never ordinarily
used them. Taft also showed that Coe
stood to clear \$30,000 in profit from his
Miami appearances.

Faith Healer Coe angrily lumped Taft
and the *Herald* with the Devil. But at
week's end he had yet to accept the chal-
lenge, inspired by Taft's stories, of three
ministers of the Miami Churches of
Christ. They offered to pay Coe \$2,500
if his "faith healing" would cure anyone
who had been duly certified as ill by two
physicians, and then certified as cured.

Base But Not Guilty

By his own lawyer's statement to the
jury, Paul Hughes, 35, is "base, venal,
greedy" and "a louse," who admitted
taking money for his fake evidence of
crimes by Senator Joe McCarthy and his
investigators (TIME, Jan. 30). In all,
Hughes collected \$10,800 from Joseph
L. Rauh Jr., chairman of Americans for
Democratic Action, and Editor Clayton
Fritchey of the *Democratic Digest*, who
testified that Hughes had fooled them
roundly. But last week Hughes was ac-
quitted in his Manhattan trial for perjury.

The jury voted not guilty on two
counts that Hughes lied in telling a grand
jury that Rauh and his friends had dis-
cussed giving money to Harvey Matus-
ow, the professional witness and chronic
liar who declared that he had not told
the truth about Communist activities.
On other counts—to the effect that
Hughes was lying when he depicted Rauh
not as a dupe but an accomplice in his
unsuccessful frame-up of McCarthy—the
jury was "hopelessly deadlocked."

Back in Circulation

In the press room of Buenos Aires' *La
Prensa*, Editor-Publisher Alberto Gainza
Paz last week started the presses rolling
out the first edition of his famed news-
paper since he regained it from the gov-
ernment. The issue set a new *La Prensa*
press-run record of 840,000 copies (pre-
vious high: 740,000) as Argentines snapped
up copies as historic souvenirs.

Gainza Paz had swept his staff clean of
those who went on writing and editing
during the five years the paper was under
the Perón regime. The first issue, which
ran 24 pages, and had to ration advertis-
ing space, showed the paper's new look:
cleaner headline type, larger body type,
news instead of classified ads on the front
page. Most stories were well and tightly
written. But *La Prensa's* triumphant re-
turn won no cheers from Buenos Aires'
nine other dailies. Even with its planned
circulation of 300,000, *La Prensa's* daily
newsprint quota of 33 tons will be fully
one-half again as large as that of the next
biggest paper. Seven of the city's papers
were subsidized by propaganda-conscious
Perón. Since his fall, one has folded and
all the others have been losing money.
With *La Prensa* back and likely to thrive,
they expect to lose even more.



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RELIGION

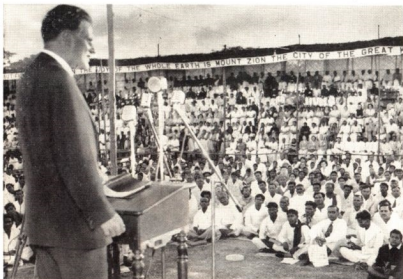
Billy in India

Garlanded and photographed, Billy Graham was cutting through India like Gabriel in a gabardine suit. In Bombay, bloody Communist-led rioting canceled his scheduled meeting; he toured the riot area instead and spoke to some stone-throwers. "They all had very sweet smiles," he said afterward.

Their smiles were no sweeter than Billy's. Shown a sarcastic editorial about him, all he had to say was: "A very friendly article." After an interview with Jawaharlal Nehru, he characterized the Prime Minister's attitude toward Christian missions as "very sympathetic and understanding," and diplomatically added

But there were also huge crowds of Hindus, whose flexible faith allows them to enshrine Christ alongside Buddha.

In Kottayam, Palamcottah and New Delhi there was the same enthusiasm. "Graham Ki Jai" (Cheers for Graham), the Indians cried, and Billy acknowledged the enthusiasm Hindu fashion, joining his palms before his face and bowing his head. Presiding over a gathering of 15,000 on the grounds of New Delhi's Y.M.C.A. was an Indian Christian Princess, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, who in 1930 renounced her father's palace in Lucknow, became a Christian (Presbyterian), and is now India's Minister of Health. "Billy Graham," she said, "is one of those rare jewels who tread this earth periodically



EVANGELIST GRAHAM & MADRAS AUDIENCE
He plans to turn his wife into an Indian.

Press Photo Bureau

that "not many clergymen" knew as much about Christian history as Nehru (who is an agnostic).

There was good reason for Evangelist Graham to smile, for seldom in his crowd-filled career had he met with such enthusiasm. Madras was clogged with out-of-towners seeking rooms; one group of 100 rode the train from Hyderabad four days and nights, and one man walked 400 miles to hear him. Caste was ignored in the stampede to see Billy. To an audience of 40,000 he spoke through two interpreters (one for the Telugu and one for the Tamil tongue).

"Many Indians seem to have the idea that Christianity is a western religion," he told them. "That is wrong. There were Christian churches in India before America was discovered." And when he invited his audience to "make decisions for Christ," they surged forward in record numbers. In three days, he spoke to more than 100,000 people, received about 4,000 "decisions."

Most who came were Indian Christians.

and draw, by their lives and teaching, millions of others closer to God."

Evangelist Graham bluntly tackled color questions: "Christ was born between East and West. He was not as light as I am, and was not as dark as you." To the folks at home Billy reported: "I am taking my wife a sari, the world's most beautiful garment. I mean to turn her into an Indian." And in U.S. newspaper columns he wrote: "The people of India love and respect America." He added: "I have fallen so much in love with India that I can be its good ambassador in my travels round the world."

A harsh note sounded from the old Raj when Britain's new Archbishop of York, Dr. Arthur M. Ramsey (TIME, Jan. 16), wrote in Durham's diocesan magazine that Billy Graham "taught the grossest doctrines and flung his formula, 'the Bible says,' over teaching which is emphatically not that of the Bible," said Billy: "I have the highest personal regard for the archbishop."

Art Needs the Church

Church and art today are scarcely on speaking terms. Yet Christianity was once a great patron of all the arts, and artists in turn enriched the faith. To help end the separation, the National Council of Churches set up a Department of Worship and the Arts,² and last week the council sent all its member churches a statement described as "a study document." Main point: "The church should have a vanguard of men and women qualified to interpret the significance of contemporary art for the believer . . . in terms of Christian criteria."

The church must also "challenge and expose the unexamined errors of our contemporaries in all that concerns their values, loyalties, way of life and assumptions in connection with the novels they read, the plays and films they see, the music they play and hear, the buildings in which they live, work and worship, the social symbols they revere, the dreams and fables, indeed the myths they feed upon." The church must "reassume its ancient and proper responsibility and productivity with reference to all the arts," an undertaking that "it could well begin by purging its own arts [of the] insipid or precious or esoteric or sentimental."

The breach between the church and the arts can be healed. "The modern crisis has pushed the agnostic and the disaffected to new dimensions and new depths in such a way that they find relevance again in certain features of the Christian understanding of life. On the other hand . . . the church has begun to produce theologians and critics who have dealt authoritatively with culture and the arts, as well as artists of genuine stature . . . Religion has a depth which art needs lest it become tempted to estheticism. Religion, on the other hand, is expressed most profoundly through the forms which constitute the proper concern of art."

Christianity in Asia

As the clouds broke over the countryside around Williamstown, Mass., five Williams College students out for a walk scurried for the shelter of a haystack. There, while the rain droned on, they earnestly discussed three topics: religion, Asia, and their future. Before the storm ended on that summer day in 1806, they had decided to dedicate themselves to the work of bringing the Gospel "to a barricaded heathendom" in foreign lands.

From their resolution grew a society of students pledged to the missions. U.S. Protestant churches soon joined in to form the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which started the last century's mass movement of U.S. Protestant missionaries to the world. Last week 17 Protestant ministers from the lands reached by American missionaries met at Williams College to mark the

² Among its advisers: Performers Raymond Massey and Lillian Gish, Poets W. H. Auden and Marianne Moore, Conductors Charles Munch and Dimitri Mitropoulos, Painter Robert Motherwell.



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AND INDUSTRY

150th anniversary of the haystack meeting. Their topic: "America's new role in the world church." That role has sharply changed from the condescension toward the "heathen" of the five Williams students. In a joint message, the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church have put it thus: "Plainly, a deep-going reorientation in the method and spirit of our mission is called for. Only Asians can carry the weight in witnessing for Christ to Asians. We cannot plant our church and our institutions in Asia and then take pride because they are ours."

While the Williams meeting was in progress, the World Council of Churches met in Sydney, Australia, to weigh a similar subject: Christianity's plans and strategy for Southeast Asia. In the night sky, during the meeting, big searchlights formed a luminous cross, but the council's mood was less glowing. A note almost of supplication toward Asians and of stern self-criticism were evident. Said Yale's Dean Liston Pope: "Divided and rent asunder in its own life, the church itself speaks in broken accents and sometimes seems to add to the confusion of tongues. The nations of the world might understandably reply to the church's plea for international unity and peace: 'Physician, heal thyself.'" Nevertheless, the council mapped out a huge task: "We believe that Christianity in southeast Asia may well prove the pacemaker in international diplomacy in the next ten years."

Billy Graham, sweeping through India last week, more or less pointedly in the path of Russia's politico-evangelists two months ago, was one Western Christian who seemed all set to pick up his share of that burden (see above).

Trouble for Oral

In the U.S., the Rev. Oral Roberts (TIME, July 11) is somebody. He regularly conducts faith-healing meetings over 300 radio and 115 TV stations, and draws crowds wherever he pitches his revival tent. Since Australia usually welcomes visiting U.S. performers with open arms, his campaign down under should have gone well. But even before he landed in Sydney, a group of Australian preachers denounced him as a "fraud and impostor."

Taken aback, Roberts replied: "I am but a child of God." But the press pounced on him. SALVATION CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN, headlined one paper. The national weekly *Truth* called him "at best a big blabbermouth." Sydney's *Daily Telegraph* demanded that he be "sent packing." Reporters discovered that Roberts had checked in at Sydney's swanky Glen Ascham Hotel under an assumed name. Said Roberts: "Christ has no objection to prosperity."

Natty Faith Healer Roberts stormed up and down his platform calling on the halt and lame to come forward. But adverse publicity kept the crowds small (5,000 in a tent that holds 14,000) and the contributions even smaller. Last week Healer Roberts moved on to Melbourne. His stated quota: 1,000,000 conversions before next July.



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(Speech, Honolulu, 1933)



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RADIO & TELEVISION

The \$100,000 Question

Nine times in nine weeks a likable youngster named George L. Wright III had picked up his ukulele and gone from his modest Manhattan home to an NBC studio to appear in the TV giveaway show *The Big Surprise* (Sat. 7:30 p.m.). George was only 14, but he was after the \$100,000 jackpot.

A fortnight ago George brilliantly handled five parts of a six-part question ranging from Bach to baseball, but he muffed the sixth part when he failed to identify the authors of *Betty Co-ed*, "a song of the '20s." It turned out that the song had been copyrighted in 1930, and so last week George got another chance at the jackpot.

He was asked to name a song of the '20s that would be played for him, and either to name two of its three authors or sing and play a chorus on his ukulele. George knew the song, *Me and My Shadow*, and he chose to sing a chorus. As the freckle-faced boy's clear soprano went with a slight quaver into 11 million homes, his father, mother, sister and brother had the look of people who might not survive the suspense. But at chorus's end the M.C. lifted the beaming boy in his arms, while George's ten-year-old brother wept.

Smiling George received a bankbook with one entry: \$100,000. Three-quarters of the \$25,000 to \$30,000 left after taxes will go into a trust fund for his education; some will go to charity, some for presents for each member of his family. For himself, George just wants to buy one thing: a tiple (ten-string ukulele).

Music for the Millions

"Give the public the best," says Impresario Sol Hurok, "and you can't miss. If it's promoted right, projected right, the public is here."

Impresario Hurok, 64, should know. He has been in the business of promoting, projecting and presenting ballet, opera, drama, symphonic orchestras and concert artists all over the world for more than 40 years. This season, for example, he presented in the U.S. the *Comédie-Française*, the Sadlers Wells Ballet, the Santa Cecilia Choir of Rome, Antonio and his Spanish Ballet Company, the Scots Guards Band, the Kabuki Dancers, the Vienna Choir Boys. Last week, heving to his principle of giving the public the best, he presented his second TV show of the season.* It was easily the best show of the week, an NBC Spectacular called *Festival of Music (Producers' Showcase*, Mon. 8 p.m.), which gathered in one program 13 of the world's topflight instrumental and operatic virtuosos.

Aim at the People. No matter what they performed, it would be hard to resist a show that included Pianist Artur Ru-



GEORGE L. WRIGHT III
He earned a tiple.

binstein, Violinist Isaac Stern, Cellist Gregor Piatigorsky, and such vocalists as Marian Anderson, Renata Tebaldi, Zinka Milanov, Rise Stevens, Blanche Thebom, Roberta Peters, Mildred Miller, Jan Peerce, Jussi Björling, Leonard Warren. What they performed was aimed at the millions—arias from *Pagliacci*, *The Tales of Hoffmann*, *Tosca*, *Carmen*, a Chopin *Polonaise*, a movement from the Mendelssohn violin concerto. It was seen or heard by an estimated 23 million people.

Behind the scenes, the music was less harmonious than on screen. RCA Victor, co-sponsor of the show, thought it would



CELLIST PIATIGORSKY
Americans are not morons.

be a good idea to load the program with RCA recording stars. As it worked out, RCA succeeded in adding two of its performing artists to Hurok's original list of ten. Hurok managed to keep Violinist Stern, who records for Columbia, and Soprano Tebaldi, who records for London, in the show. Hurok and RCA then faced an onslaught by the Metropolitan Opera's General Manager Rudolf Bing, who refused to allow Tebaldi to do a 15-minute version of *Traviata* for fear that it might take the edge off her performance of the opera at the Met next season. He also objected to Coloratura Peters singing anything too "strenuous" when two days later she was to sing her first *Lucia* at the Met. Bing got his way and made *Festival* pay for it by charging a royalty fee of \$5,000 for use of Met singers.

Spread the Gospel. The squabbling, pressures, antagonisms became so violent that at times Hurok was heard to mutter that he had always been able to make a good living without TV, and if RCA and Bing didn't watch out, "that's what he would go back to."

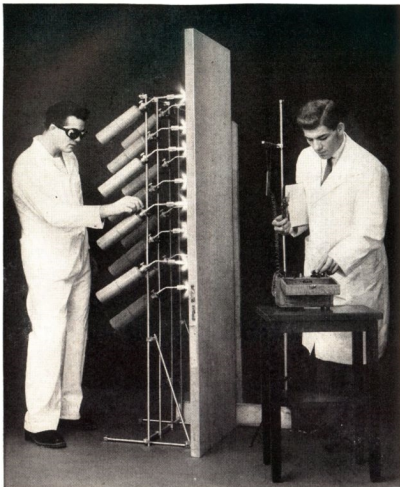
But once the show was over and the pressure was off, Hurok changed his tune. He has ideas for other shows, e.g., digging out the popular light operas of Offenbach and Cimarosa. With NBC already planning another Hurok Spectacular, Hurok is talking of doing a show once a month or every two months "to spread the gospel of good music." The size of the *Festival* audience had the impresario talking *fortissimo e molto appassionato*: "The show went over with such a bang, it created such a revolution, that it proved to everybody that the American people are not morons. They can accept the greatest in music and in opera. NBC and Hurok will give it to them."

The Battle of Sunday at 8

Like prime beef, a choice hour on television is costly. The hour beginning on Sunday nights at 8 E.S.T. is about as prime as a TV hour can get. In an effort to attract customers, NBC has been working away at the hour for years, while CBS's Ed Sullivan has been dishing it up medium to well done, with viewers taking avidly to his servings. This situation has understandably made NBC officials extremely unhappy; it has caused big executives to fear for their jobs, and even brought NBC's Chairman of the Board Sylvester L. ("Pat") Weaver himself into the fight. Weaver delivered a ukase: "Sunday at 8 must be licked." Last week it was.

Trouble with Traubel. True, Sullivan had trouble when Soprano Helen Traubel, his operatic guest star, fell ill and could not appear. But this was no mere victory by default. The Sullivan show was enveloped when NBC began its 60-minute Spectacular at 7:30 p.m., half an hour before Sullivan went on. It was outmaneuvered when NBC produced a star-studded, revue-type show that Sullivan could not come close to matching. Sullivan was outscored in the *Trendex* rating by 26.8 to NBC's 30.1, the highest

* His first: the Sadlers Wells Ballet doing Tchaikovsky's *The Sleeping Beauty*, seen by an estimated 37 million viewers.



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Trendex rating that any 90-minute NBC Spectacular had ever won.

NBC did it with *Inside Beverly Hills*, a celebration of the 50th anniversary of the small town (area, less than 5 sq. mi.; pop., 30,000) where the great, rich, famous and beautiful stars of Hollywood live and play. Unhappily, NBC showed the customers little Hollywood living and less playing. The principal commodity the community has to offer is glamour, and in its advance ballyhoo NBC shrewdly used the come-on: "Visit the homes of the stars!" But though the camera got to the front lawn, rear garden, porch and doorstep of many a noble mansion, it never quite managed to get inside.

Typical Town? With Art Linkletter as host, and the stars twinkling on and off in a series of filmed interviews, *Beverly Hills* was jokingly presented as a fabled little hamlet whose 600 doctors and 500 lawyers make it "the sickest and crookedest town in the country." Then, brushing aside the jokes, the show tried to present Beverly Hills as a typical American town—and merely succeeded in stripping it of its glamour. Introduced were a churchgoing father of four (Jimmy Stewart), a home-loving, family-raising couple (Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron), a beauty who spends her time quizzing kids on the Bible (Eleanor Powell), a couple who have been ideally married for 30 years (the Sam Goldwyns). There was no telling how many fascinating residents were considered and rejected for the show as not fitting a phony and tedious concept.

Inside Beverly Hills was neither true, good nor beautiful, but it got inside most U.S. TV homes, was seen by an estimated 54 million people. Said Sullivan, on hearing the bad news: "NBC won a Pyrrhic victory. It took 25 stars to beat me." This week, with NBC once again throwing comedy into the Sunday-at-8 spot, Sullivan could feel confident that the network would not soon repeat its coup of tempting so many viewers to look at so many stars in so indifferent a show.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Feb. 8. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

20th Century-Fox Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Starring Bette Davis.

Climax! (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *The Fifth Wheel*, with Hume Cronyn, James Gleason, Peter Lorre, Buddy Baer.

Ford Star Jubilee (Sat. 9:30 p.m., CBS). With Raymond Massey, Jack Lemmon, Lillian Gish.

Goodyear Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Viveca Lindfors, William Bendix.

Vice President Richard M. Nixon (Mon. 11:30 p.m., all networks).

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Sorcerer*, a new ballet, and *Don Pasquale*, with Peters, Valletti, Guarrera.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). With Jascha Heifetz.



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Elements of Strength

The old phrase "rolling readjustment" popped up last week. Said the First National City Bank Letter: "The rise in the various parts of the economy is no longer uniform. Some sectors are expanding while a few contract. Some, like housing, may be nearing the end of their adjustment period. Others, like automobiles, are

Steel production set a record (of 2,472,000 tons) for the third successive week. Department-store sales climbed 8% above the same 1955 week. Manufacturers' durable-goods inventories were still climbing, said the Commerce Department. In December they reached \$26.3 billion, a whisper away from the \$26.6 billion reached in 1953 just before the cut in buying and inventory recession. But this time there was a vital difference in the

be the best ever in the company's history. Kennecott Copper overcame a six-week-long strike to pile up a record \$125,615,418, compared with \$79,906,288 the year before.

AUTOS

Help for Dealers

The 10,000 members of the National Automobile Dealers Association who gathered for their annual convention in Washington last week were in a mood to grumble—and got some professional help. They applauded when Democratic Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, who last year probed the affairs of General Motors Corp., cried that "manufacturers have contrived to put themselves in an impregnable position, while the dealer is at their mercy." Democratic Senator A. S. (Mike) Monroney, who has spent a year studying auto-marketing practices, added his bit: "Ethical standards are deteriorating to the business morality of an Oriental bazaar. If conditions do not change, the traditional pattern of the franchised dealer will disappear. In its place you will find a supermarket operation."

Newly elected N.A.D.A. President Carl E. Fribley, who has been selling Cadillacs in Norwich, N. Y. since 1931, warned that if unfair business practices cut the number of franchised dealers in the country, cars will not be serviced properly, and accident rates will soar. Said Executive Vice President Frederick J. Bell, a retired rear admiral who also serves N.A.D.A. as a public-relations expert: "We do not want soothing syrup. We want action, and we are going to get it."

What the dealers wanted was more sympathetic cooperation from automakers, plus federal legislation to ensure dealers a better profit by ending runaway price cutting, auto bootlegging and "phantom freight," a manufacturer's charge equal to the cost of shipping from Detroit, no matter where cars are shipped from. Dealers close to auto plants complain that bootleggers can pick up cars in Detroit without paying the charge, ship them around the country for less than the factory-set freight, thus gain an unfair advantage.

Making Friends. While the grumbling went on in Washington, automakers were quietly trying to appease the dealers. Chrysler, which has forbidden dealers to use Chrysler, Dodge or Plymouth in their corporate names, will now permit them to do so. General Motors President Harlow Curtice last week invited G.M. dealers to a conference this week on common problems. At the same time, Ford announced a package of wholesale price cuts (some \$25 per car) for its dealers.

The big reason for the change was not so much dealer grumbling as a simple economic fact: there are some 800,000 unsold cars in dealers' showrooms now, v. only 403,000 at this time last year. Gen-



AUTO DEALERS FRIBLEY & BELL

"We want action and we are going to get it."

now in the adjustment process. In other lines, however, there are few indications of slackening, and some are still gaining. In short, another "rolling readjustment" is under way. It is unlikely that autos and housing will carry the rest of the economy with them on the downturn. Substantial offsetting elements of strength are present."

Last week, as autos cut back (see below), housing was showing signs of picking up (TIME, Feb. 6). There were some other segments of the economy that were expanding, moving to offset the slack:

☐ The chemical industry scheduled \$1.6 billion worth of new plants in '56 and '57, according to a Manufacturing Chemists Association survey.

☐ New York's Consolidated Edison earmarked \$120 million—its biggest capital outlay in a decade—to increase gas, electricity and steam output this year.

☐ Continental Oil allocated \$500 million over the next five years to find and exploit new gas and oil reserves in the U.S. and Canada.

☐ Sears, Roebuck planned to spend \$55 million to \$60 million for 1956 capital improvements, in addition to the \$350 million already spent for expansion in the past ten years.

nature of the U.S. economy. Sales are now a far bigger proportion of inventories. Said Manhattan's Bankers Trust Vice President Roy Reiseron: "Generally, there is no danger."

Best Year of Their Lives

Stockholders in U.S. corporations have never had it so good. The Commerce Department reported last week that cash dividends in 1955 totaled a record \$10.4 billion v. \$9.2 billion paid them in 1954, the previous peak year. And as a flood of record earnings came out last week, the prospects looked good for continued fat dividends. Among the leaders:

☐ General Motors announced a net profit of \$1,189,000,000—the first year a corporation has topped \$1 billion (previous peak: \$834 million in 1950). G.M.'s profits outpaced sales; on sales 27% higher than in 1954, G.M. netted 48% more profit.

☐ Standard Oil (New Jersey), top U.S. oil producer, reported a profit of \$717,000,000, second only to G.M.

☐ U.S. Steel scrapped the earning record established in 1916 (\$271,500,000), set a new one of \$370,197,625, almost double its '54 net. The current 1956 quarter, said President Roger M. Blough, could

eral Motors and Ford have both trimmed production below 1955 levels (TIME, Jan. 23). Last week Chrysler announced that it was cutting back to a four-day week. Total auto output in January, said Ward's Reports, Inc., was about 614,000 units, almost 7% below January 1955.

Life was also getting easier for the dealers in other ways. A Denver dealer reported that his factory had cheerfully allowed him to cancel part of an over-optimistic order. Said he: "Six months ago they would have told me, 'You ordered them; now pay for them.'"

Mink Stoles. Detroit's new, kid-gloved handling of dealers may have stemmed from the fact that with car sales down in many parts of the U.S., it is getting harder to hang onto good dealers or get new ones. Grumbled a Boston dealer: "No financially able man in his right mind would go into the auto business. He'd be better off putting his money in the stock market." To get rid of surplus cars, dealers have cut prices and profit margins to the bone; N.A.D.A. reckons that the national average margin now is 0.6%.

Despite the grumbling, there are few signs of hardship among dealers. One feature of the annual N.A.D.A. convention is a raffle of a mink stole for dealers' wives. As this year's winner stepped up to collect her prize, she was already wearing a mink stole.

SHIPPING

The Big N

Emblazoned on the smokestacks of dozens of ships around the world is a huge white N. It does not, as landlubbers might think, stand for Nicaragua or The Netherlands but for Stavros Spyros Niarchos, 46, a short (5 ft. 7 in.), slim citizen of Greece whose private merchant fleet is bigger than the navies of Nicaragua and The



SHIPOWNER NIARCHOS
After Helen, the most.

Netherlands combined. Niarchos, whose name means "master of ships," claims to be the world's biggest independent shipowner, with some 1,600,000 tons afloat and abuilding (v. Moore-McCormack's 400,000 tons). Though he has launched more ships than any other Greek since Helen, Niarchos is better known to gossip columnists as an international party-thriller who is so heavy with chips that he helped with the down payment when his brother-in-law—and No. 3 Independent Shipowner—Aristotle Socrates Onas-

© The second: U.S.-born Daniel K. Ludwig, who controls National Bulk Carriers and other lines.

sis purchased the Casino at Monte Carlo.

This week Niarchos had his best excuse in years for a party. In the final round of a long-standing dispute with the U.S. Government, he reached a settlement that will enable him to expand some more. Since 1953, the Government had seized 19 of Niarchos' U.S.-built ships, charged in a suit that he had bought them through front corporations specially set up in the U.S. (TIME, Feb. 22, 1954), though barred as an alien from buying U.S. war-surplus vessels for American flag operation. Under the final settlement reached last week, Niarchos will 1) pay the U.S. \$4,500,000 (making a total of \$12,579,500) and 2) get back the last five ships (valued at \$10 million on the foreign market) of the 13 ships he has recovered. As a bonus to the U.S., Niarchos also agreed to have three supertankers built for \$30 million in U.S. shipyards, the world's most expensive. Though Niarchos prefers to cut costs by sailing his ships under foreign flags, he also agreed to operate the new tankers under U.S. registry.

Prepaid Junks. Shipowner Niarchos seldom visits his 48 ships or his worldwide string of companies, keeps his office under his hat. He is a familiar figure in England, where he stables his string of race horses. In Switzerland, where he spends several weeks a year, he is known as an expert skier. On two continents he is known as a knowledgeable art collector; he recently paid \$300,000 for El Greco's *Pietà*. On the Riviera, Niarchos keeps a fleet of sports cars, to shuttle between his two Cap d'Antibes palaces, and two yachts: the black-hulled, 190-ft. schooner *Creole* (a 32-man crew) and "a little one," the 103-ft. *Eros*. Niarchos delights in packing celebrities off on prepaid Mediterranean cruises, although on last year's Mediterranean junket for Party-Thrower Elsa Maxwell and friends (Olivia de Havilland,

TIME CLOCK

URANIUM BOOM will exceed all estimates, predicts Henry C. Anderson, planning manager for General Electric's atomic-power department. By 1975 atom-powered electric plants will be consuming 22,150 tons of uranium annually. Amount of ore required: 9,000,000 tons, several times current production.

PAY-AS-YOU-GO PLAN for highways has been approved by President Eisenhower. Since congressional Democrats are against financing a \$25 billion, ten-year road plan by floating revenue bonds, the President has agreed to go along with ideas of financing the highways by increased user taxes on gasoline, diesel fuel, tires, etc. Possible federal tax increase: \$1 billion annually.

SMALL INVESTORS, 58,000 of whom invested in the New York Stock Exchange's Monthly Investment Plan, are doing well. Of the 50 most popular stocks bought since the plan was started two years ago (current total: 737,000 shares worth \$28.7 million), eight

increased more than 100% in value, while 16 others jumped between 50% and 100%. Top favorites: General Electric, RCA, General Motors, Standard Oil of New Jersey.

NEW HILTON HOTEL (there are now 28 in three countries, eight more abuilding or under contract) is planned for Tokyo. Facis: 450 rooms, \$6,000,000 cost, 1958 opening.

ATOM POWER PLANTS will be built by seven public and private power groups, if they can get clearance and financial aid from the AEC. The seven groups (among them: utilities in Alaska, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, Massachusetts) want to build small 5,000-kw. to 40,000-kw. plants, costing upwards of \$10 million each, turn out power competitive with conventional power plants.

PORTAL-TO-PORTAL PAY will be increased under a new ruling by the U.S. Supreme Court. In a pair of cases, one involving packinghouse workers, who sharpened their knives before

work, and the other dealing with battery plant workers, who had to take showers after work, the court ruled that the activities were essential parts of the day's work, thus had to be paid. Previously, such extra payments were outlawed under the 1947 Portal-to-Portal Act.

COLOR-TV OUTLOOK is so good that RCA is converting some of its black and white production lines to color, will boost production 500% to 120 sets an hour. Forecast: more than 200,000 RCA sets this year v. about 30,000 for the entire industry last year.

MOPAC REORGANIZATION is in the homestretch after 22 years of bankruptcy. The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled against a group of dissenting Missouri Pacific shareholders seeking to block the reorganization under which common stockholders would get 40,500 new shares of stock and preferred stockholders 1,750,000 shares. If the ICC approves the plan, reorganization may be wrapped up within 60 days.

CREDIT CONTROLS

Are They Needed in a Peacetime Economy?

WHEN President Eisenhower suggested in his economic report to the nation that Congress study the problem of direct controls on credit, he touched off a hot argument. Democratic Senator J. W. Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, said that he would be "sympathetic" to any such request. He considered holding hearings on direct consumer credit controls such as the wartime Regulation W, which specified minimum down payments and maximum loan terms. Allan Sproul, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, is also worried, feels that credit abuses in boom times can become a "serious source of instability in our economy." He argues that consumer credit controls should be among the Federal Reserve Board's permanent economic tools.

Other businessmen and economists are not that sure. General Motors President Harlow Curtice and St. Louis Federal Reserve Bank President Delos C. Johns are against the idea. Last week Treasury Secretary George Humphrey said that "it would be better not to have stand-by controls."

The chief argument for direct controls is to put more curbs on consumer credit, which has increased \$6 billion, to \$36.2 billion since 1954. Like Banker Sproul, the President's Council of Economic Advisers thinks that the FRB should have the power to impose direct consumer credit controls. Currently, the FRB can enforce only indirect restrictions on consumer credit through its overall monetary operations. It can restrict credit only by increasing loan costs through boosts in the rediscount rate and reserves of member banks and sales of Government securities. But on the basis of past history, the council feels that such general, indirect controls are inadequate to deal with the special problem of consumer credit. While these may curb consumer credit, they also affect loans for new plants and equipment, thus may cut productive expansion good for the economy.

Actually, there are many economists who oppose the idea of direct consumer controls. They argue that FRB's indirect controls and the rise of interest rates have worked effectively to slow consumer credit without hamstringing the economy's overall growth. Though the FRB tends toward direct controls, it is staying neutral in the debate. It says that if it had Regulation W-type powers, it would have clamped them on last summer when consumer installment credit was jumping at the rate of \$400 million to \$500 million monthly.

But without direct controls, it had to rely on an indirect method: it hiked the rediscount rate. As a result, the net increase in consumer installment credit dropped to \$291 million in October. It rose again seasonally because of heavy Christmas buying to \$345 million in November and \$438 million in December. Since it takes several months for indirect controls to take firm hold on the economy, FRB economists now expect consumer installment credit to start dropping, figure the net increase in January was below \$300 million.

Those who argue in favor of direct consumer credit controls look back at the wartime days when Regulation W was in effect, and feel that the same type of curb would work equally well now. But there is a big difference between a wartime and a peacetime economy. In World War II and again during the Korean war, Regulation W was vitally necessary because the Government could not afford to clamp overall indirect credit controls on the economy. The U.S. needed easy credit and low interest rates in wide areas of the economy to encourage business to expand and to help finance the war as cheaply as possible.

Furthermore, even when direct consumer credit controls were needed under a tightly regulated wartime economy, there was a big question as to their fairness: the people hardest hit were relatively low-income consumers who needed credit to buy. Some union leaders, notably the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Walter Reuther, denounced the idea, argued that the regulation penalized lower-income groups. And today, by buying everything from toasters to tricycles on time, these small consumers are supplying much of the steam for the boom.

Beyond that, the opponents of Regulation W-type controls also argue that if consumer credit is highly volatile and should be specifically controlled, then why not control other equally explosive sectors of the U.S. economy. Inventories, for example, shot up by \$8 billion, to \$82 billion during—and after—the Korean war, as businessmen went on a buying spree. Later, in 1954 when demand slackened off, business inventories tumbled \$6 billion in 13 months, bringing on the "inventory recession."

The strongest argument against direct controls on consumer credit is pragmatic. Time and again the Eisenhower Administration has demonstrated that one of its prime objectives is to reduce the burdening weight of too much Government control. And so far, that policy has guided the U.S. economy to the greatest boom in history.

Aly Khan, Perle Mesta) Niarchos was "too busy" to go along.

Niarchos got his start in shipping while working in his family's flour-milling business in Greece in 1929. He convinced his "conservative" uncles that they could cut the cost of importing grain from Argentina by operating their own ships, later branched into shipping on his own. In 1939 Niarchos leased his eight ships to the Allies and went off to corvette duty as a Royal Hellenic Navy lieutenant. By war's end, half his ships had been sunk.

Short Ships, Long Terms. After the war Niarchos staked his insurance money on the belief that ships would be short at a time when most shippers predicted a surplus. As a "friendly" alien, he was able to buy surplus U.S. Liberties and Victories (average 1945 price: \$540,000); he traded them off at a profit and bought surplus T-2 tankers, including the 13 he bought illegally. He persuaded U.S. oil companies who owned most of their own tankers and leased the rest on short-term charter that he could save them money by operating the ships himself on long-term contract.

With the long-term charters in hand, Niarchos was able to borrow money to finance bigger, faster ships. In the U.S. he built the 45,500-ton *World Glory*, the world's biggest tanker when it was launched in 1954. In Japan and Sweden last year, he placed orders for 15 new ships totaling nearly 500,000 tons, ordered two more in Germany. In Britain last week shipyard workers were outfitting the 47,750-ton *Spyros Niarchos*, the world's biggest tanker and fourth biggest merchantman ever launched in the British Isles.

Niarchos is reputed to get more ship per dollar than anyone else in the business, because, as he says, he "always waits until the yards are thirsty." Thus, when he ordered eight super-tankers in thirty Japanese yards last year, he was able to squeeze costs to \$117 a deadweight ton, cut building time to 14 months, v. a minimum \$160 and 36 months today. New orders in the past year have given Niarchos a 600,000-ton lead over Brother-in-law Onassis. Though friendly socially, Niarchos and Onassis are deadly competitors, fought bitterly when Onassis made a deal with Saudi Arabia two years ago that might have given him close to a monopoly in carrying Arabian oil. Niarchos teamed up with other shipowners to fight Onassis.

Niarchos plans to keep on building bigger ships on the theory that operating costs increase only slightly as capacity goes up. He talks of atomic-powered 100,000-tonners in the not-too-distant future. Present-day merchant fleets, Niarchos points out, are never too far from the financial reefs. In a bad year, a ship can lose more than half its value. In the best of times, merchantmen usually work ten years or more to pay off their owners' mortgages. Thinking of his heavily mortgaged fleet, Niarchos claims he is still a long way from blue water. Says he jokingly: "All we really own is the air between the funnel and the sky."



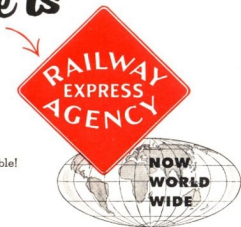
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THE 3 TRADESMEN



The enemy was nearly at the gates, and the town council was desperately trying to decide on the best means of defense.

A bricklayer rose to say that their only salvation was bricks. A carpenter insisted on wood. And the ironmonger pleaded for metal.

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WALL STREET Water Under the Bridge

The Missouri River is harder to suit in the matter of beds than a traveling man. Time after time it has gotten out of its bed in the middle of the night with no apparent provocation and has hunted up a new bed. It goes traveling sideways, rearranges geography and dabbles in real estate.

—Historian George Fitch, 1907

One stormy night in 1946, the Mighty Mo got out of its bed in the Decatur loop, midway between Omaha and Sioux City, and settled in a new bed half a mile to the east. This confronted the civic fathers of Onawa, Iowa (pop. 3,498) and Decatur, Neb. (pop. 808) with an embarrassing problem. After 25 years of pleading, Congress had finally authorized a toll bridge spanning the mile-wide Missouri

week, with water flowing under the bridge, paying traffic began flowing over it. The forecast had been for 100 to 200 vehicles daily the first year, but on the basis of the first few days' average (176 cars daily), the commission happily announced: "It looks like we'll go well over that."

RAILROADS

New Train

Into the rail station at Peoria, Ill. last week slithered the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad's answer to the annual \$700 million deficit of U.S. passenger trains: the Jet Rocket, a light, low train modeled after the Spanish Talgo. Built by ACF Industries, Inc., it is the first of the new lightweight trains to be owned by a U.S. railroad. It begins regular Chicago-Peoria passenger runs this week.

The Jet Rocket has enough economic advantages over standard trains to make



ROCK ISLAND'S JET ROCKET
Can it erase a \$700 million deficit?

to connect the two towns. But should they build the bridge over the old or new bed? The Army engineers said to build over the old channel, since the Missouri would probably wander back; if it did not, the engineers "would take the necessary corrective action."

The bridge commission built a mile-long span in 1950, half a mile from the river it was supposed to cross. Nature refused to move the river back, and neither could the engineers without congressional funds. The dry-land bridge grew into a joke to everyone but Wall Street's Cornelius Shields & Co. Shields, a veteran dealer in such issues, and famed yachtsman (TIME, July 27, 1953), headed the underwriting syndicate that sold the 3.75% bond issue (maturing in 1980), on the understanding that in 1952, its first year in operation, the bridge would take in \$155,600. As past-due interest rose to \$110,802, Shields & Co. made a settlement with the grumbling bondholders, paying them \$500,000—about 25¢ on the dollar—for an option to buy the bonds at the remaining 75% of face value (plus accrued interest) within five years.

Finally in 1954, Congress voted \$2,000,000, and the engineers forced the Missouri back to its original course. Last

Rock Island hopeful of turning a profit on passenger operations. The four-car train, with a General Motors diesel locomotive, cost \$788,000, with a per-seat cost of \$2,300 vs. \$3,800 for conventional cars. The steel and aluminum train weighs 451,000 lbs., slightly over half the 807,000 lbs. of Rock Island's 20-year-old Peoria Rocket. Thus, the locomotive need develop only 1,200 h.p. vs. 2,000 h.p. for conventional engines, makes the 161-mile Chicago-Peoria run on \$10 worth of fuel, one-third the standard amount.

The low cars (under 11 ft., v. 13½ ft. for oldtime cars) are jointed so that each bends in two places, helping the train hit speeds of 95 m.p.h. on curves on which older trains must hold to 70. The train has hit 110 m.p.h. on test runs. Passengers get a somewhat more jiggly ride than in heavier trains, but there are compensations: air conditioning, a television screen in the lounge that gives passengers an engineer's-eye view of the road ahead.

If the Jet proves a success, Rock Island will eventually convert entirely to lightweight trains. Said President Downing B. Jenks: "We think the train will prove so economical to buy and operate that we'll be able to reduce fares while giving better service."

AVIATION

Noise to Live With

To airmen flying into Washington last week for the Air Force Association's jet age conference, one big problem came up even before they arrived. A belt of bad flying weather across the entire Eastern U.S. and an outmoded air traffic control system delayed hundreds of delegates and touched off complaints about the nation's aerial traffic jam.

On the need for electronic traffic controls over U.S. skyways, there was complete agreement. But no quick solution was put forward for one of the newest and knottiest problems of the jet age: noise. Both Boeing and Douglas are working on jet mufflers and hope to make their jet transports no more noisy than piston-engine transports. Boeing has already developed a sound-suppression gadget that fits on the jet tailpipe, cuts the noise level of a J-57 engine to that of the newest piston engines. But as military jet engines develop more thrust, Air Force Chief General Nathan F. Twining told the conference, they will create even more supersonic thunder. Said Twining: "We ain't heard nothing yet." To tone down the noise nuisance, he said that the Air Force is trying to locate new jet bases at least 15 miles from existing communities. Nevertheless, bases, aircraft plants or municipal airports quickly attract houses, stores and filling stations, soon find themselves in the middle of a fast-growing community.

On its jet bases the Air Force has put up sound barriers to muffle the whine and roar of preflight run-ups, but airborne noise is tougher to control. Said Twining: "The big job is to get our nation to recognize jet noise as a largely unavoidable consequence of progress. It will be handled partially by our noise-suppressing measures. The end answer is acceptance. We have learned to live with the stench, noise, expense, death and destruction of the automobile. Noise is just something we are going to have to live with."

FOREIGN TRADE

Leaks to the Reds

The plea of Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden for a relaxation of the Allied embargo against trade to Red China got a cool reception in Washington last week (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Part of the reason was an angry blast by the Senate Investigations Subcommittee at the "shocking" flow of strategic goods already leaking out to Red nations, mainly Russia. The subcommittee voted unanimously for public hearings on the effect of an agreement two years ago to cut the Battle Act embargo list for Western Allies from 297 to 217 items and the international quantitative control list from 90 to 20 items. The net result, rumbled Subcommittee Chairman John McClellan, had been to release "war-useful items that under no circumstances should be handed over to the Soviets."

A prime example was aluminum. Though hard aluminum alloys are still barred, soft

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aluminum is not, and increasing amounts have been shipped to Communist nations. Soft aluminum can be easily reprocessed into aircraft-strength alloys. Another sore point was copper. Great Britain alone shipped more than 100,000 tons of copper to the Soviet bloc, almost 30% of Russia's annual production, and it was sold at a time when the U.S. itself was short of copper. Furthermore, most of it came from mines in Rhodesia that had been developed with U.S. loans. In addition, a whole group of strategic machine tools had been released. Communist buyers picked up models in Europe, sent them home to be copied, even bought several \$350,000 horizontal boring and milling machines from Britain that can handle any job from engine parts to tank turrets.

Though few U.S. firms do business with the Reds (total U.S.-Soviet bloc trade in 1955: about \$5,000,000), European nations have used the liberalized embargo list to boost exports 27% in the last twelve months, while increasing imports by only 7%.

ADVERTISING

Consent Decree

As one of the top U.S. trade associations, the American Association of Advertising Agencies has long worked to raise the standards and ethics of its profession. It was founded to bring order out of advertising's pre-World War I chaos, when ad agencies often kicked back part of their commissions to publishers, or split fees with advertisers. A.A.A.A. also helped to change the agency's original role as a publishers' space broker. Today's ad agency works not for the publishers but for the advertiser, helps him find markets, choose media, check results. By standardizing the agency fee at 15%, A.A.A.A. virtually eliminated price wars in the advertising industry.

But last year the U.S. Justice Department objected to A.A.A.A.'s powerful influence in the business, charged it with restraining trade by fixing agency fees (TIME, May 9). Last week, with little to gain by going into court and little to lose by settling, A.A.A.A. signed a consent decree with Chief Trustbuster Stanley Barnes. (Suits against five other associations are still unsettled.)

Stoutly denying that it was guilty of any of the Government's charges, the A.A.A.A. agreed to end the requirement that members collect a 15% commission and its ban against rebates, and stop policing the industry. To admen, A.A.A.A.'s concessions will mean little. The 15% commission is not all profit, but covers the costs of preparing copy, researching markets, planning layouts, advising on public relations, and a score of other important selling services. For many an agency profits run about 2% of billings; with that little margin nobody expects the advertising agency to revert to big-scale fee-splitting. Every man in a grey flannel suit knows that no modern ad agency competes on price, but on quality of service and results.

BANKING

Transamerica v. Eccles

When California's mammoth Transamerica holding company sold the last of its interest in Bank of America in 1952, no one was more gratified than tart-tongued Marriner S. Eccles. As chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Eccles had pushed divorce for nearly ten years. Eccles' family's First Security Corp. had long reigned as "the largest banking institution in the intermountain states" of Utah, Idaho and Wyoming. After the divorce of Transamerica and Bank of America, it looked as if neither would be able to invade that territory.

Last month, however, Transamerica nudged into Eccles' backyard; it bought three banks and four branches (for about \$2,000,000) in Idaho from Walter E. Cosgriff, longtime Eccles rival and onetime



Jan Beltrano

TRANSAMERICA'S BELGRANO
From the backyard to the doorstep.

RFC director. Last week Transamerica went onto the doorstep; it agreed to buy Salt Lake City's Walker Bank & Trust Co., Utah's oldest and second biggest bank, for \$200 a share, will probably end by paying \$14 million.

Transamerica, which already owns banks in California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico, pushed into Idaho and Utah in a race against time. Most bankers expect sales of independent banks to out-of-state holding companies to be banned under legislation now pending in Congress. However, said Frank N. Belgrano Jr., Transamerica's 60-year-old president and chairman, Transamerica's recent purchases had been suggested by local banks that wanted to sell. This week Transamerica's traders moved on to Ogden, Utah, Marriner Eccles' home base, to discuss a deal with the Bank of Utah. Next stop: Denver, where Belgrano has made an offer for Central Bank & Trust Co., Colorado's fifth biggest.

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The same skill, vision and many thousand hours of priceless experience which inaugurated these advances in aeronautical science, will be utilized in designing and building Thunder-craft of the future.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Victor Borge, 47, Danish-born pianist-comedian, and Sarahbel Roach Borge, 35; their second child (his third, her fourth), a daughter; in Waterbury, Conn. Name: Frederikke.

Married. Guri Lie, 26, blonde daughter of first U.N. Secretary-General Trygve Lie; and William Zeckendorf III, 26, son of Real-Estate Tycoon William Zeckendorf and a vice president of his father's Manhattan real-estate firm, Webb & Knapp; in Winchester, Va.

Died. Max O'Rell Truitt, 52, son-in-law of Senator Alben W. Barkley and father-in-law of Barkley's younger step-daughter, solicitor for the old Reconstruction Finance Corp. (1935-37), member of the U.S. Maritime Commission (1938-41); of a stroke; in Washington.

Died. Paul Patterson, 55, governor of Oregon since 1952, when he stepped from the presidency of the state senate to fill the post vacated by Douglas McKay, who had resigned to become U.S. Secretary of the Interior; of a heart attack, three days after announcing that he would run on the Republican ticket in November against Senator Wayne Morse; in Portland.

Died. George Davis ("Buck") Weaver, 64, star third baseman for the old Chicago White Sox (1912-20), who was barred from baseball for "guilty knowledge" of the 1919 Black Sox scandal; of a heart attack; in Chicago. Weaver continually pleaded his innocence, spent his last years as a parimutuel clerk at local racetracks.

Died. Robin ("Bazooka Bob") Burns, 65, top-rank radio and film (*The Arkansas Traveler*, *I'm from Missouri*) comedian of the '30s and '40s; of cancer; in Encino, Calif.

Died. Sir Hubert Houldsworth, 66, chairman since 1951 of Britain's National Coal Board, which directs the mining and marketing of all coal in Britain; of a coronary thrombosis, less than 24 hours after he had been confirmed in a hereditary baronetcy; in London.

Died. Charles Grapewin, 86, oldtime Broadway comedian-turned-Hollywood character actor, who performed in more than 100 films, notably as Grampa in *The Grapes of Wrath*; in Corona, Calif.

Died. Charles Edward Taylor, 87, designer and builder of the four-cylinder, 12-h.p. aircraft engine used by the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk; of asthma; in San Fernando, Calif.

Died. Maria Clopton Jackson, 93, widow of C. S. ("Sam") Jackson, doughty founder (in 1902) of Portland's independent *Oregon Journal* (circ. 182,257), long-time board chairman of the *Journal Publishing Co.*; in Portland, Ore.



THIS U. S. NAVY Arctic task force was equipped with Nickel-aluminum bronze propellers. Inco research helped develop this alloy.

Tough enough for Arctic pack ice ... ship propellers with Inco Nickel in them

The U. S. Navy has now "crashed" the Arctic Circle. "Crashed" it after a grim, grinding battle with Arctic cold and ice.

Hurling 126 ships—greatest polar expedition of all time—through waters north of the continent, it moved in men and equipment for Distant Early Warning radar stations of the DEW line.

During this gigantic "icelift," the Navy kept ship propeller troubles to a minimum. This was hard to do because some metals get brittle in the frigid Arctic. Then propellers bend, sometimes fracture, sometimes break, in the crush of hard-packed pack ice.

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Long Lunch Hour

This week, as Hollywood's trade talk has long prophesied, 20th Century-Fox's Production Boss Darryl F. Zanuck, one of moviedom's best-preserved (53) boy wonders, stepped out for what was billed as a four-month lunch. Announced Fox's President Spyros P. Skouras: "It is contemplated that the details of an agreement for an independent production unit to be headed by Mr. Zanuck will be worked out between him and the company."

Movie Pioneer Zanuck had a world of know-how for setting up an independent unit in his four-month leave of absence. His "temporary" replacement: Oscar-Winning Producer Maurice ("Buddy") Adler, 47 (*From Here to Eternity*).

Zanuck's departure from 20th Century-Fox, the studio he founded (with veteran Moviemaker Joseph M. Schenck) in 1933, stirred memories of his role in helping to guide Hollywood through adolescence. In the '20s at Warner Bros., Zanuck made so much money for the studio with his silent *Rin-Tin-Tin* series that Warner decided to shoot a barrel of profits on a daring experiment: *The Jazz Singer* (produced by Zanuck), which starred Al Jolson and ended silent films with a spoken line ("You ain't heard nothing yet, folks!"). Always keen to sense a popular trend, Zanuck took advantage of the movies' gangster cycle by featuring such early hair-triggered tough guys as Edward G. (*Little Caesar*) Robinson.

Zanuck has now succumbed to the familiar Hollywood malady that fills big studio bosses with envy at seeing independent producers (even makers of grade B movies) making more money than they do. One of the highest paid executives in the U.S., Darryl Zanuck was weary of handing over roughly 90% of his earnings to the tax collectors. As an independent, he can coin money in the gravy-train, 25% long-term capital-gains bracket.

The New Pictures

Ransom! (M-G-M). The ransom that is intended to purchase the life of a kidnapped child is more likely to buy his death. The logic of this statement is inescapable: with the cash in hand, the criminals no longer need the child alive for possible use as an instrument of extortion, and in fact they are much better off with him dead if he is old enough to bear witness against them. Furthermore, a kidnaper faces the death penalty in many states, so what difference does a murder make?

Logic, however, is one thing; feelings are quite another. What parent would have the nerve to call a kidnaper's bluff—to play, in effect, a game of poker with his own child's life? *Ransom!* is the story of a man who had the nerve. Based on a popular television play by Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum, it is a fairly conventional thriller that says, in substance, something much better than conventional about the truth, and how dreadful is the



Ernest Hamill Baker

HOLLYWOOD'S ZANUCK (1950)

Fox's loss is capital gains.

operation by which it makes a man free.

When his eight-year-old son (Bobby Clark) is kidnapped, a wealthy manufacturer (Glenn Ford) raises the \$500,000 ransom that the crooks require, but before he hands the money over, he has time to consider the facts of the matter. After a fierce inner struggle, his head rules his heart. He takes TV time to tell the criminals his decision: that they will never get a cent from him, and that, moreover, if the child is not turned loose unharmed, he will post the whole half million as a reward for their capture.

That tears it. Newscasters deplore his decision; newspapers revile it. A storm of telegrams protests his heartlessness. A mob gathers threateningly outside his house. His brother turns against him, his wife leaves home. Then the police arrive with his son's bloody T shirt.

At this terrible moment the film says



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something big and dark and quiet about
the weight of fate; the pity is that it
goes on to make the usual Shubert finish
about the might of right.

Shack Out on 101 (Broidy: Allied
Artists) confronts the U.S. motorist—
already reduced to a walleed wreck by
the massed assault of saturation traffic,
maladjusted headlights, homicidal hitch-
hikers, kids on bikes, the hydramatic
wheeze, small-town radar cops and the
finance company—with a new and
yet more fiendish horror of the high-
way: the Communist-controlled hamburg-
er stand.

Take, for instance, the short-order cook
at the "shack" in this picture, the one
they all call Slob (Lee Marvin). He looks
as if he never did anything more sub-
versive than add a slice of forefinger to
the chicken salad, but his name is Mr.
Gregory, and his game is dirtier than his
sandwich board. He steals U.S. scientists
and ships them to Russia.

Clearly he must be stopped. The FBI
(Frank Lovejoy) moves in, but the FBI
these days, as every moviegoer has reason
to believe, is more interested in getting
its woman than its man. Agent Lovejoy
keeps putting the arm on the counter
girl (Terry Moore) instead of on the spy,
which leaves Slob with nothing to do,
through most of the picture, but make
sandwiches. And yet, Actor Marvin, who
is easily the most repulsive object that
Hollywood has dug up in recent years,
is such a skillful performer that when he
starts hacking away at a bacon-lettuce-
and-tomato on toast, the spectator has all
the visceral sensations of watching an
MVD interrogator go to work on an
enemy of the people. As for most of the
other players, they might do worse than
accept the advice that one of them snarls
at another: "Quit acting!"

CURRENT & CHOICE

Naked Sea. The saga of a tuna clipper:
a fish story with some spectacular truth in
it (TIME, Jan. 23).

The Night My Number Came Up.
Thirteen people are caught in a dream
that starts to come true: a low-voltage
shocker from Britain, with crackling good
performances by Michael Redgrave,
George Rose (TIME, Jan. 2).

The Man with the Golden Arm. Nel-
son Algren's tale of a hot dealer who deals
himself a cold card: heroin. A powerful
story in which Frank Sinatra is unfor-
gettable (TIME, Dec. 26).

The Rose Tattoo. Anna Magnani, in
her first Hollywood film, gets the year's
loudest laughs as she demonstrates why
Italian ham is a delicacy (TIME, Dec. 19).

Diabolique. A wonderful little horror
comic in French, with a moral: you can
lead a corpse to water, but you can't
make it sink (TIME, Dec. 5).

Guys and Dolls. Marlon Brando, Jean
Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine in
Samuel Goldwyn's \$5,000,000 version of
the Broadway musical. It's a beaut, but
Sam made the prints too long (TIME,
Nov. 14).

TIME, FEBRUARY 13, 1956

*Why
does he always
rent a car
from AVIS?*

When he wants the most from a trip, whether it's business or fun, the fast-moving executive always rents a new Avis car.

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"Outrageous Old Crook"

THE LAST HURRAH (427 pp.)—Edwin O'Connor—Atlantic-Little, Brown (\$4).

A Boston newspaper recently decided that it had just the right reviewer for this book: famed patriarch of Boston pols, ex-Mayor James Michael Curley. When he agreed, the paper mailed him a check along with the review copy. Back came the book and check in a few days, with a curt note from the doughty octogenarian: "The matter is in the hands of my attorneys." Reason for his indignation: a strong resemblance between the book's hero, Frank Skeffington, and James Michael Curley. Asked if he considered Skeffington to be a portrait of himself, Curley snapped: "No question about it."

Curley's chronicler, Novelist Edwin Greene O'Connor, 35, is a onetime radio announcer who made \$720 from his first novel, and shelved the second in disgust. This one is already a smash success. Even before publication, Columbia Pictures bought the movie rights for \$150,000. The novel also won the Atlantic Prize, was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club (February) and Reader's Digest Book Club. It is the bristling, flamboyant saga of the decline and fall of the big city boss.

Out of the Cellar. If Curley really sues, it will be like biting the hand that applauds him. For Skeffington is a lovable rogue—a combination of Santa Claus, Robin Hood, a Chinese warlord and the late John Barrymore. Over 70, Skeffington decides to run for re-election as mayor of the nameless big city, where the candidates usually share three qualifications ("All were Democrats, all were Irish, all were Catholics"). The old campaigner invites his nephew Adam to tag along and get acquainted with politics. It is through Adam's eyes that one sees the great old pro and his enemies go into action.

"The main reason I went into politics," Skeffington tells Adam, "was because it was the quickest way out of the cellar and up the ladder." Skeffington never forgets that there are plenty of votes to be picked up, back in the cellars of poverty, with new dentures, a pair of eyeglasses, some funeral money or a job. He runs on two planks: 1) "All Ireland must be free"; 2) "Trieste belongs to Italy."

His speeches are classics of hammy, outrageous irrelevance: "I remember some years ago when I proposed building the public baths along the Strandway, I was greeted with a chorus of recriminations from the opposition party. They had a terrifying vision: hundreds of the poor would now be able to take baths regularly! For their part, they want our poor to be like Frenchwomen. A Frenchwoman, as you know, takes a bath but twice in her life: once when she enters it, and once when she leaves it. In between times she uses talcum powder. It's a well-known fact that the Republicans have a vested interest in the talcum powder industry!"

Generation of Ciphers. Roaming with Skeffington from waterfront to wake ("Never neglect the relatives, friends or enemies of the deceased"), Adam sees the old campaigner turn on the charm and put on the pressure. Disloyal allies are axed, appointees are squeezed for campaign contributions, the opposition newspaper is promised "a little trouble with the building inspectors shortly."

Half-grudgingly, Adam becomes fond of the "outrageous old crook," his bluff-and-blarney court jesters, and his chief ward boss, a shrewd, taciturn man with the scars of half a century's political battles



Yola Joel—Life
BOSS CURLEY (1951) & PORTRAIT (1935)
Down with Republican talcum!

on him. Warns Adam's managing editor: "He's going to get his ay double es beaten off this time." Skeffington's enemies finally unite against him. There is the choleric cardinal who believes Skeffington has demeaned his church and his people. There is a jackal pack of disgruntled rivals. There are the earnest young New Dealers who see Skeffington as a throwback to "the Age of the Dinosaur." They all rally round a decent, colorless nonentity named McCluskey, "the spearhead of a generation of ciphers." McCluskey wins, and the last of the dinosaurs goes down, though not without a last brave hurrah on his lips.

Bostonian Author O'Connor makes his novel ring with the harsh brogue of the Boston Irish, and ripple with Irish fancy. He may not always see his hero with 20-20 vision, but he does something even rarer among modern novelists—he makes him come alive, with love.

THE GOLDEN KAZOO (246 pp.)—John G. Schneider—Rinehart (\$3.50).

The simple thesis of this book is that tomorrow's President will not be elected by the people, nor by old-line machine bosses like *The Last Hurrah's* Frank Skeffington (see above), but by slick advertising boys on Madison Avenue. A candidate will be pretested and merchandised like "a can of beer, a squeeze tube of deodorant, a can of dog food."

This would-be satire, by an ex-adman turned novelist, is set in the political outer space of 1960. The book's hero-heel is Blade Reade, a middle-aged boy genius who tries to keep his ulcer quiet and his three telephones busy. Blade paces the "deep veldt" of his office carpet during "Thinktime" and his mind crackles with "hot intuitive ideas busting loose like popcorn over a fast fire." As chairman of the Voters' Service Committee of the Republican Party, Blade needs a hot intuitive idea that will elect an amiable Midwestern boob named Henry Clay Adams.

The idea comes to him as he chats with his "irrefragably feminine" mistress, TV Star Claire Daire. It is a "big 1960" idea: voters love babies. After a bit of coaxing, Mrs. Adams agrees to spill some pseudo pregnancy news over Claire's national TV hookup. Unfortunately, a makeup artist named Jacques Mario Jean Petrovich goes into a dither over Mrs. Adams' "firm ample tummy [which] was shaped like the underside of a round 15-inch skillet." The pair are about to start cooking with gas when Blade starts playing Bogart with Jacques's face ("Slap, r-r-rap").

What with hushing up the scandal, and the phony baby ploy, Blade finds that Adams is gaining ground. Still he needles his staff with the first law of gimmickry: "There ain't any highbrow in lowbrows, but there's some lowbrow in everybody." Where is the golden kazoo? that will pipe the voters into the Adams camp? Before Election Day rolls around, Blade finds the kazoo and a tune to tootle on it.

Like any satirist, Author Schneider also considers himself a moralist. Yet his moral is perhaps the worst thing about the book. The old machine boss grew out of the necessities of ward politics and immigrant life, just as the new TV-conscious politician is shaped by the realities of mass education and mass sophistication. Both types can be corrupt, but the most corrupt thing in politics remains the destructive, naively cynical idea that all politicians are crooks—or admen.

This would matter less if the book were really funny. It isn't.

* A switch on *Of Thee I Sing* (1931), in which John P. Wintergreen is elected President on an all-out love platform, and later saved from impeachment by the First Lady's announcement that she is going to have a baby. As Vice President Throtheadbottom tells the Senators: "Gentlemen, this country has never yet impeached an expectant father."

† A toy musical instrument that makes a buzzing sound when one hums into the tube.

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THE SINKING OF THE "TITANIC"
Her decks were heavy with millionaires.

Disaster of the Century

DOWN TO ETERNITY (191 pp.)—Richard O'Connor—Gold Medal Books (35¢).
A NIGHT TO REMEMBER (209 pp.)—Walter Lord—Holt (\$3.50).

*Dim moon-eyed fishes near
Gaze at the gilded gear,
And query, "What does this vaingloriousness down here?"*

Thus Thomas Hardy on the sinking of R.M.S. *Titanic*, on the night of April 14, 1912, with the loss of more than 1,500 men, women and children. Writers, long fascinated by the *Titanic* disaster, have never been content to leave the last word with the fish.

There have since been greater disasters in the two world wars, but the *Titanic* continues to exercise its singular fascination—and its symbolic significance in the world's memory.

It was an age awed by ships as this age is by planes, and the *Titanic* in 1912 was the biggest ship ever built. She was on her maiden voyage. She was proclaimed "unsinkable." Her decks were heavy with millionaires. Among the first-class passengers (suites cost from \$2,300 to \$4,350) were a dozen great names in the Almanach de Gotha, including Colonel John Jacob Astor IV, who was assessed at \$125 million, the Wideners, father and son, with \$7,000,000 between them, and Benjamin Guggenheim with a round \$10 million.

It was a world of luxury—cigars, astrakhan coats, burgundy, and women as gilded as the Jersey Lily herself—and miraculously, thanks to the White Star Line, that world was afloat. Everyone was sure that, like the age she symbolized, the *Titanic* would last forever.

Talk of an Iceberg. Legends nearly sink the *Titanic* story. In one version, "everyone aboard—wealthy dandies, deckhands, immigrants . . . alike behaved in the most exemplary tradition," while in the opposite version, "everyone aboard went mad with panic; strong men trampled over women and children to get to the lifeboats . . ."

Both these books try to sift the fact from the fiction (most important correction: although some survivors still insist it was *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, the consensus is that it was an Episcopal hymn, *Autumn*, that the band played as the *Titanic* went down). Of the two books, *Dawn to Eternity* is the less thorough, but it tells a compelling story. *A Night to Remember*, on the bestseller list for nine weeks, is a breathtakingly detailed log. Author Lord spent 28 years, since he was ten, in fascinated research about the *Titanic*. By now, he knows with uncanny exactness where everyone was and what everyone did on the fateful night.

The collision with the iceberg (latitude 41° 46 min. N.; longitude 50° 14 min. W.) occurred at 11:40 p.m. Chief Night Baker Walter Belford was in the galley making rolls for the following day; the slight jolt of the collision caused a pan of rolls to clatter to the floor. In the smoking room on A deck, in a leather armchair, one Spencer V. Silverthorne, a buyer for a St. Louis department store, was reading a new bestseller, Owen Wister's *The Virginian*. Nearby, Hugh Woolner, son of an English sculptor, was having a hot whisky and water. Few people realized that anything had happened. But a steerage passenger named Carl Johnson found his shoes under water when he tried to get dressed, and Mrs. Henry B. Harris, wife of a theatrical producer, noticed that the dresses which had been gently swaying in

her closet suddenly stopped swaying. Mrs. Arthur Ryerson, a steel heiress, asked a steward what was the matter. Said he: "There's talk of an iceberg, ma'am."

"I Must Be a Gentleman." Gradually the news spread, bringing with it the muted, logical panic of nightmare. At five minutes after midnight, Captain Edward J. Smith ordered the crew to uncover the 16 wooden lifeboats—inadequate to carry more than half of the passengers. In the brightly lit gymnasium off the boat deck, Colonel Astor whistled away the nervous minutes by slicing a life jacket open with a penknife to show his wife what was inside. People were dashing back into cabins to fetch suddenly remembered possessions; one girl cried: "I've forgotten Jack's photograph," while Mr. Luciea Smith firmly kept his wife from going for her jewels. As people began to crowd into the boats—with some exceptions, women and children first—extraordinary dialogues took place.

Dan Marvin to his new bride: "It's all right, little girl, you go and I'll stay a while."

Dr. W. T. Minahan to his wife: "Be brave; no matter what happens, be brave."

Mrs. Walter D. Douglas to her husband: "Walter, you must come with me," Walter: "No, I must be a gentleman."

Some men did manage to get into the boats, notably Henry Sleeper Harper, of the publishing family, who took along an Egyptian dragoman and his Pekingese named Sun Yat-sen.

At 2:05 a.m., Captain Smith went into the wireless shack for the last time and said: "Men, you have done your full duty. You can do no more. Abandon your cabin. Now it's every man for himself."

"In the Last Boat." There was genuine heroism. Mrs. Isidor Straus stepped from the gunwale of a boat back on deck to share death with her beloved financier-husband. "Where you go I go," she said, and they sat down together in a couple of deck chairs. "A gallant Southerner." Major Archie Butt, military aide to President Taft, went to his death as he courteously bowed women into the boats. But Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, managed to get a seat in the boat, was later denounced as a coward and lived his remaining years in shamed seclusion.

There was one woman who would stand out in any company: Mrs. John J. Brown of Denver, who, according to Author O'Connor, had been wet-nursed by a stray goat, and who wore a \$60,000 chinchilla opera cloak. Before her husband, "Leadville Johnny" Brown, struck it rich (his mine produced \$20 million in gold), she was Molly Tobin, and although she became the pal of a 70-year-old French duke, her origins, in the Irish way, were her pride. On the *Titanic*'s decks, she would summon a steward with a basket of oranges. When at her command he tossed them overside, she would whip a pistol from her sable muff and riddle the fruit; the effect on the tapioca-fed steerage passengers is not recorded. During the



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sinking, she manned a lifeboat. Reports Author Lord: When asked how they left the ship, "nearly every woman survivor replied firmly, 'In the last boat.'"

By 1:45, the water was approaching B deck. Benjamin Guggenheim stood with his valet, both in faultless evening clothes. "We've dressed in our best," said Guggenheim, "and are prepared to go down like gentlemen." The ship went at 2:20 a.m., leaving behind a drama that will not wane. This air age, when death commonly comes too swiftly for heroism or with no survivors to record it, can still turn with wonder to an age before yesterday when a thousand deaths at sea seemed the very worst the world must suffer.

Ulysses Revisited

In U.S. intellectual life, James Joyce's *Ulysses** has long been a touchstone—and a sacred object. Anyone admitting dislike or incomprehension of it is almost automatically drummed out of any self-respecting literary regiment. Now, writing in the *New Statesman and Nation*, one of the best critics on either side of the Atlantic has reassessed *Ulysses*. Says Britain's V. S. Pritchett:

"We needed a memory as exhaustive as Joyce's [own] as we sink into the bog—so misleadingly called a stream—of Irish consciousness. Joyce is the theologian of the interior morass... As for meaning, Joyce attempts to replace it by 'pattern,' and, in doing so, he was prophetic of modern habit: unguided by moral conviction, impelled by scientific bent, we use the notion of 'pattern' to cover our lack of sense of moral direction." In Joyce's pattern, "God becomes word, life becomes a fantastic department of rhetoric and we need not go outside its inebriation in order to live. Living? Our words will do it for us."

Critic Pritchett concedes that Joyce had humor and "the imagination to turn his squalid people into giants at first. No one can say that the characters of *Ulysses* are trivial in dimension, even though their preoccupations are mean, food-stained, dreary and unelevating. His people are Celtic monsters, encumbered by the squalor of their enormous burden of fleshly life—enormous because it is so detailed—and the dreadful, slow, image-spawning of their literal minds... One can see that, in Joyce's imitators, the interior monologue was a blow for democracy, a rather dreary one; the fact that we all have a garrulous unconscious that is occupied with absurd free associations, wipes out differences of character and status, for Jack's drooling is as good as his master's..."

"*Ulysses* diminishes... from comic epic to the curiosity of a learned crossword puzzle and, as such, a major, unrequited European export to the scholar-technicians of the American universities. They find more and more in it, as we find less and less..."

* First published as a book in 1922, but not legally admitted to the U.S. until 1933, after a U.S. District Court decision setting aside a Federal ruling that the book was obscene.

TIME, FEBRUARY 13, 1956



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Revival of the Fittest. In Paris, Leon Sellier, in a fit of pique, flung his girl friend out his fourth-floor apartment window, landed in the hospital with cuts and bruises after she bounced off a canvas awning, ran back upstairs, cracked him on the head with a wine bottle.

Basic Equipment. In Arkansas City, Kansas, police booked Lawrence Schulte after they picked him up for parole violation, found in his pocket a note: "Hand over all the money you have because I have a gun."

Target Practice. In Nanaimo, B.C., Kathleen Pojee was fined \$12.50 for speeding after she twice slammed her car into a police cruiser that flagged her down, explained to the cops that she had mistaken their car for one driven by her husband.

Testimonial. In Hawthorne, Calif., Donald Lee Summers was sentenced to 60 days in jail when he showed up drunk for his arraignment on an intoxication charge, grumped: "I came to California for the hospitality, and this is what I got."

Through a Glass Darkly. In Sacramento, Calif., William Jaglas was arrested when he was found inside a shoe store after closing hours despite his explanation that he broke the window when he leaned against it, crawled inside to wait for the owner's arrival in the morning.

Assigned Duties. In Izmir, Turkey, asked by the judge while on trial for committing six burglaries if he really had a record of 50 previous offenses, Suleyman Senaylar replied: "My profession is to steal; keeping count is the job of the police. That is what we pay them for."

The Critic. In Los Angeles, police looked for the thief who walked up to a movie house, poked a pistol at Theater Cashier Kay Lee Stafford, said: "I didn't like the movie. Give me everybody's money back," and walked off with \$212.

Public Enemy No. 2. In Tokyo, Yoshio Yusawa, serving a six-year prison term for 397 robberies, asked to have his case reopened, explained that he had only committed 37, but confessed to the larger total when police asked him: "Why not be Japan's No. 1 thief?"

Combined Operations. In Phoenix, Ariz., after he held up the House of Jazz and stuffed \$70 in his pocket, John Tillman was slugged with a blackjack by Owner John Giardina, cracked with a baseball bat by Waitress Phyllis Dixon, smacked with a steel chair by another waitress, punched in the jaw by Giardina's brother, bashed on the head with a beer bottle wielded by a patron, arrested when another customer called the cops.

Do you know set-off when you see it?

ALMOST EVERYONE has seen mimeographed material with ink marks on the back, as shown above. That's called "set-off". It looks messy. It happens when wet ink smears on the bottom of one sheet from the top of another as sheets pile up on the delivery board of the mimeograph machine.

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